283

MEMOIRS

OF

MRS. CROUCH.

VOL. II.

THE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

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283

MEMOIRS

OF

MRS. CROUCH.

INCLUDING A

RETROSPECT OF THE STAGE,

DURING THE YEARS SHE PERFORMED.

BY M. J. YOUNG.

"Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Anna rejoic'd to hear thee sing
On the hawthorn's bough *last* spring!
Now—Ah! leave its vernal bloom,
And mourn, sweet bird, o'er Anna's tomb!

"The Poet designs for Representation, but it is the Performer who gives to the draught a form, a spirit, a countenance, and a mind."

Murphy's Dedication to The Way to Keep Him.

VOL. II.

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1806.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

MEMOIRS

OF

MRS. CROUCH.

IN the summer of the year 1786, Mrs. Crouch again engaged with the managers of the Theatre Royal Liverpool, and at the close of the winter theatres, set out, accompanied by Mr. Crouch, for that city. Mr. Phillips, chiefly resided at Broadstairs, his sister in Essex, and Captain Horrebow, that summer, took a house at Swansea, in Wales; and in the

course of the season, Mrs. Horrebow visited her sister at Liverpool.

The Theatre Royal, Hay-market, opened with a very excellent serious prologue written by Mr. Colman, the elder, alluding to his own illness, a paralytic stroke, and the false reports it occasioned, and, after a grateful address to the public for their former favour, and soliciting its continuance, ended thus:

> "Cheered by these hopes he banishes all fear,
> "And trusts, at least, you'll find no palsy here."

Mr. Bensley, spoke this prologue with great feeling and propriety.

June the twenty-first, came out a farce called The Widow's Vow, written by Mrs. Inchbald; Messrs. Parsons, Edwin, and Bannister, jun. kept up the laugh in that whimsical little piece, and Mrs. Wells, was an excellent Flora. Mr. Bannister,

 jun.

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jun. gave great effect to a prologue humourously displaying the follies and fashions of the day, written by Mr. Holcroft, which recieved unbounded applause, and put the audience in such good temper, that they highly approved of the Widow's *breaking* her Vow.

On the twenty-fourth of July, was brought out The Disbanded Officer, or The Baroness of Bruchsal, a comedy, translated and adapted to the English stage by Major Johnson, from the German of Lessing. The story is peculiarly interesting; it was admired in Germany and in France, nor could it lose any of its interest thus personified: Colonel Holberg, Mr. Palmer; Warmans, Mr. Bannister, jun. Count Belair, Mr. Wewitzer; Landlord, Mr. Baddeley; Roffe, Mr. Parsons;—Baroness of Bruchsal, Miss Farren; Lisetta, Mrs. Bulkeley; Widow, Mrs. Inchbald.

The prologue, spoken by Mr. Bannister,

 jun.

jun. most strongly recommended the play in these lines—

"Lessing, a German bard of high renown,
Long, on the Continent, has charm'd the town;
His plays as much applauded at Vienna,
As *here* the *School for Scandal*, or *Duenna*."

Miss Farren spoke the epilogue with her usual vivacity. The whole performance was received with the warmest approbation.

August the twelfth, was performed a comic opera called the Siege of Curzola, by Mr. O'Keeffe. Mrs. Webb, Miss George, Signora Sestini, and Mrs. Bannister, did all in *their* power to sustain the opera, so did Edwin, Bannister, jun. and many more, but without success. Mr. O'Keeffe did not print that condemned piece.

At the end of August, or the beginning of September, a comedy of three acts, called

called Tit for Tat, was brought out. This play, translated from the French, was a five act comedy performed first in Dublin; it possesses humour, and was well performed by the comic strength of our summer theatre; the prologue, written by Mr. Colman, was spoken by Mr. Palmer; it ended thus,

> "From me, whose utmost aim is your delight,
> Accept the humble off'ring of to night;
> To please, wherever placed, shall be my care,
> At Drury, Hay Market, or *Wellclose-square*."

The epilogue, written by a friend, was spoken by Miss Farren, who had scope to sport very prettily with the expression "Tit for Tat." No other new piece came out that season at the Hay-market.

When Mr. and Mrs. Crouch returned to town, they took apartments in Leicester-street, Leicester-square, and Mr. Phillips, also, came to town, and, with the

 assistance

assistance of a singer and imitator, gave his Attic entertainment at Freemason's-hall, in which he read selections from various favourite authors; but very unfortunately, at the first opening of this entertainment, Mr. Phillips was seized with a hoarseness which entirely altered his naturally fine voice, whenever he attempted to exert it, and gave those who were strangers to him a bad idea of it, notwithstanding what was said by all those acquainted with his charming manner of reading, when not oppressed with a cold. This obstinate hoarseness continued so long, that he was obliged to give up his public readings, and return to purer air than the metropolis could afford him.

Mrs. Crouch lamented greatly this unavoidable failure in her father's reading, as she was not less anxious for *his* fame than he was for *hers*, and wished the public to have a *just* idea of his abilities.

At

At the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, October the sixteenth, came out a comic opera called Richard Cœur de Lion, translated and altered by Mr. Mac Nally from the French opera, of the same title, written by M. Sedaine, which was acted at Paris with great success. Mr. Shield selected the music for the English Richard Cœur de Lion with taste and judgment; the decorations were elegant, and the performers did justice to the airs and dialogue. The characters were thus represented.

Richard Cœur de Lion, Mr. Inchbald; Governor of the Castle, Mr. Davies; Blondel, Mr. Johnstone; Morgan, a Welch Soldier, Mr. Quick; La Bruce, Mr. Edwin; A Clown, Mr. Wewitzer; Guillet, Mr. Cubit;—Antonio, a Page, Mrs. Brown; Margery, wife to Morgan, Mrs. Kennedy; Lauretta, daughter to ditto, Mrs. Martyr; Berengeria, Queen to Richard, Mrs. Billington.

 The

The airs, in general, were much admired, and many of them were encored; Mrs. Billington's were peculiarly charming.

At the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, and on the twenty-fourth of the same month, was first performed the historical romance entitled Richard Cœur de Lion, translated, also, from M. Sedaine, by General Burgoyne; this was an elegant translation, keeping closely to the French piece, without any additional characters, and the airs were adapted to the original music of Gretry, it was thus performed;

Richard, Cœur de Lion, Mr. Kemble; Blondel, Mr. Barrymore; Guillet, Mr. Suett; The Seneschal, Mr. Philimore; Florestan, Mr. Williams; Sir Owen, Mr. Bannister, sen.—Antonio, Miss Romanzini; Collette, Miss Cranfield; Dorcas, Mrs. Love; Julie, Miss De Camp; Matilda, betrothed to Richard, Mrs. Jordan; Laurette, Mrs. Crouch.

The duet between Richard and Matilda

was

was extremely interesting; and Antonio's air, of "the Merry dance I dearly love," was sweetly sung and deservedly encored. Mrs. Crouch gave great brilliancy to the songs of Laurette, and in the pretty Julie we have Miss De Camp, *first* named in a *new* piece. Mr. Kemble was a noble Richard, and gave true expression to his part of the duet. Mrs. Jordan's expressive manner of singing is well known. Mr. Barrymore was an excellent Blondel, and Mr. Bannister, in Sir Owen, did great justice to his songs. The piece was received with unbounded applause, and continues to be a favourite. Each opera drew good houses and had a long run.

Miss De Camp had been first introduced in public by the celebrated French reader M. Texier, in Lisle-street, when she was quite a child, to dance, and to sing little French airs, and she was greatly caressed by many ladies of fashion. She then ap-

 peared

peared upon the stage, occasionally, in children's characters, and afterwards as a dancer and Colombine, and is now a very agreeable singer, and a charming actress, either in gay or serious comedy, and is a remarkably neat figure in male attire.

November the eighteenth, a comedy called He would be a Soldier, written by Mr. Pilon, came out at Covent Garden theatre. This play, deservedly reckoned the best of Mr. Pilon's dramatic works, was extremely well got up, and greatly interested the audience who evinced their approbation by general applause. Messrs. Aickin, Farren, and Lewis, aided by the comic trio, Wewitzer, Quick, and Edwin, sustained the male characters, and Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Wells, and Mrs. Pope, were the chief females. Mr. Pilon wrote both the prologue and epilogue; the former, containing a very elegant and just compliment to

to the philanthropic Howard, was a serious poem well spoken by Mr. Farren: the latter, prettily alluding to the ladies' dress of that time, was spoken by Mrs. Pope; and both were much applauded.

On the twenty-fifth of the same month, was first acted The School for Grey Beards, or the Mourning Bride, written by Mrs. Cowley. This comedy was brought out at Drury-lane theatre and was thus represented.

Don Alexis, Don Gaspard (the Grey beards) Mr. King, Mr. Parsons; Octavio, Mr. Palmer; Sebastian, Mr. Bannister, jun. Don Henry, Mr. Kemble;—Seraphina, wife to Gaspard, Miss Farren; Viola, Mrs. Brereton; Rachel, Mrs. Wrighten; Antonia, Mrs. Crouch.

This comedy contained much bustle, and some interest; it was excellently performed, and the characters were well adapted; a pretty air was introduced for

Mrs. Crouch, which she sung delightfully. The prologue and epilogue were both written by Mr. Cobb; and spoken by Mr. Bannister, jun. and Miss Farren. The School for Grey Beards, after the first night, was forced to lie by on account of Mr. Parson's indisposition, and during that time, underwent several alterations for the better, and at the next representation it was received with more general applause.

The last dramatic novelty, in the year 1786, was Eloisa, a tragedy taken from La Nouvelle Eloise, of Rousseau, by Frederic Reynolds, Esq: who wrote the tragedy of Werter. The few characters in Eloisa were performed thus: St. Preux, Mr. Pope; Villars, Mr. Holman; Hainault, Mr. Farren; Courcy, Mr. Macready, and Eloisa, Miss Brunton. The performers sustained their respective characters with great animation, and the tragedy was very

very well received. The prologue was spoken by Mr. Pope; the epilogue, written by Mr. Andrews, possessed much humour, which was excellently kept up by Mrs. Mattocks. Eloisa came out December the twentieth, at Covent Garden theatre, with success.

At Drury-lane, January the twentieth, 1787, was first represented a farce written by Mr. Cobb, called The First Floor, a piece replete with whim and drollery; it was well acted and received with applause, and continues, to be performed occasionally; the author wrote a very clever prologue for Mr. Bannister, jun. who did it ample justice.

About this time, at Covent Garden theatre, was *once* performed a farce called The Man Milliner; by Mr. O'Keeffe. Mr. Colman, the elder, wrote a prologue for this piece, which alluded to the men usurping the professions, solely calculated for the

 women;

women; this prologue was spoken with great spirit by Mrs. Mattocks, in the character of a Milliner, with her band-box, and was much applauded. The farce, although unsuccessful, has a place in O'Keeffe's works.

At the same theatre, February tenth, came out Such Things Are; a play written by Mrs. Inchbald, which possesses originality and interest, the serious and the comic characters were ably sustained by Messrs. Pope, Farren, Holman, Quick, and Lewis; there are but three females in the play, Mrs. Mattocks and Mrs. Pope were the chief. The prologue was written by Mr. Vaughan, and spoken by Mr. Holman. The epilogue was produced by the laughter-loving muse of Mr. Andrews, for Mrs. Mattocks to display her comic humour. The whole was liberally applauded.

In March, a musical after-piece, called Love and War, by Captain Jephson, came

came out, which was taken from his opera of The Campaign, or Love in the East Indies, and obtained more applause in its reduced state than at first in 1785, when it was also performed at Covent Garden, principally by the same persons.

On the same night, twelfth of March, Mr. Holcroft's excellent comedy entitled Seduction first appeared, and was thus performed at Drury-lane theatre. Sir Frederic Fashion, Mr. Palmer; General Burland, Mr. Aickin; Mr. Wilmot, Mr. King; and Lord Mordaunt, Mr. Kemble: Emily Burland, Mrs. Brereton; Mrs. Modely, Miss Pope; Harriet, Mrs. Wilson; and Lady Mordaunt, Miss Farren. The prologue, written by Mr. Holcroft, was serious, and received every advantage that fine speaking could give it from Mr. Kemble. The epilogue, the joint production of Mr. Holcroft and a friend, contained elegant and just compliments to Mrs.

Mrs. Montague, Miss Lee, Miss Burney, Mrs. Inchbald's "Such Things Are," and to Mrs. Siddons, as the finest tragedian; and to these praises Miss Farren gave true brilliancy by her expressive manner. The audience evinced throughout the whole performance their warmest approbation of the comedy, and of those who gave it animation.

April the fourteenth, at the same theatre, came out a tragedy called Julia, or the Italian Lover, written by Captain Jephson, in which the principal characters were thus performed; Marcellus, Mr. Palmer; Durazzo, Mr. Bensley; and Montevole, Mr. Kemble; Olympia, Mrs. Brereton; and Julia, Mrs. Siddons. The play was received with applauses equally gratifying to both the author and the performers. This tragedy is founded on a real event which happened in the island of Guernsey, in 1726. The prologue was spoken

spoken by Mr. Kemble; the epilogue, written by Mr. Colman, was spoken by Miss Farren.

May the first, came out at Covent Garden theatre, a farce called Bonds without Judgment, or the Loves of Bengal, by Captain Topham; this little piece was well acted, and obtained applause. A prologue alluding to the farce was written by George Monk Berkeley, Esq.

On the third of the same month, at Drury-lane theatre, was first performed a farce called The Distressed Baronet, by Mr. Stuart, a laughable piece, well supported by Mr. Palmer, and the comic powers of Baddeley, Waldron, Suett, and Quick. Mrs. Hopkins and Mrs. Wilson had characters of humour. Mr. Stuart wrote an excellent prologue for his farce, in which Mr. Bannister took off the Scotch, Irish, Welch, and Jews, in their respective

tive dialects, so extremely well, that he acquired unbounded applause.

So late as the twenty-second of that month, at Covent Garden theatre, came out The Midnight Hour, a farce, translated from a French piece entitled Ruse contre Ruse, by Mrs. Inchbald, who has greatly improved upon the original drama. Mr. Lewis, Quick, Edwin, Mrs. Webb and Mrs. Wells, supported their characters with spirit. A very good prologue, written by a son of the late Mr. W. Woodfall, was spoken by Mr. Pope.

No other new piece came out that season at either of the winter theatres. Still were the talents of Mrs. Crouch confined mostly to old pieces; Richard Cœur de Lion afforded her one little singing character, and The Grey Beards, one for speaking. Her sister Horrebow that spring had presented her with a nephew, but soon after his

birth,

birth, Captain Horrebow received very unpleasant information from the East Indies, which required his immediate presence in that part of the world. Turning therefore a large part of his money into jewelry and other merchandize which would lie in a small compass, he took his passage in the first ship which was ready to sail, the Hartwell, Captain Fiott, and left his young and beautiful wife at Wales with her infant son. Mrs. Crouch advised her sister Horrebow to send for the lady with whom she had resided in Charles-street, Berkley-square, to be her companion during the absence of her husband. That lady had been for some time in France, where she married, and soon became a widow, and readily consented to leave that kingdom and take up her abode at Swansea, with her fair friend.

Mrs. Crouch felt herself extremely happy that her young sister would have

such a prudent and sensible companion while the Captain was abroad, as she justly thought that a girl of sixteen, although married and a mother, was too young to be left solely to her own guidance; and she was happy also to recal their friend from a foreign land.

To promote the happiness of others was the greatest delight of Mrs. Crouch from her earliest days, and her manner of conferring a kindness was peculiarly delicate; she called the following song a beautiful lesson, and when she sung or recited it, which she frequently did, her manner of expressing the words gave them additional beauty; it was her great favourite, and as such shall have a place here; it is Cowper's, and must *please* every where.

"The rose was just wash'd, just wash'd by a shower;
This rose was to Anna convey'd;
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flower,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

And

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all
wet,
And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left, with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily snatch'd it, unfit as it was,
For a nosegay so dripping and drown'd,
And swinging it rudely, too *rudely*, alas!
I snapp'd it—it fell to the ground!

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,
Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner a while;
And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
May be follow'd, perhaps, with a smile."

The last summer of her existence, as she was walking in her garden in the King's-road, with a friend, soon after a shower, she observed a beautiful rose surcharged with rain, and said to her friend, "Look at that sweet emblem of beauty in distress;

distress; the tears stand upon its blooming cheek—now was it to be shaken rudely it would break, or fall to pieces." She then recited her lesson, as she called it, in a manner never to be forgotten.

Mr. and Mrs. Crouch, in the summer of 1787, went again to Liverpool, where she was received as usual with friendly joy by those with whom she lived in habits of intimacy, and with acclamations of applause at the theatre.

The Theatre Royal, Haymarket, opened May the sixteenth, and on that evening was first acted a comic opera entitled Harvest Home, taken from a French piece by Mr. Dibdin, and composed by him. In this piece Mrs. Bannister, in Clora, had some good airs, and sung them with her usual taste; Miss George was Woonah, a cmical Irish girl, and sustained her humourous character and songs with great spirit. Among the males who

who performed that night, the *least* obtained the *greatest* applause; Sestini, a little boy who played Whisk in the opera with astonishing archness and vivacity, and also spoke an address, written for the occasion, by Mr. Colman; the child, dressed as a Merry Andrew, was exalted upon a mountebank stage, and addressed the audience, in character, with admirable humour, and was warmly applauded.

This summer, June the twentieth, the Royalty Theatre was first opened by Mr. Palmer, with the comedy of As you Like it, and Miss in her Teens, for the benefit of the London Hospital. Mr. Palmer was Jaques, and Captain Flash; his brother William was Fribble; and Mrs. Gibbs, Miss Biddy Bellair. A prologue, written by Arthur Murphy, Esq; for the occasion, was spoken by Mr. Palmer, who also read a long prose address to the audience, stating the trouble attending his opening

that

that theatre, from the opposition of the managers of the Three Royal Theatres. These troubles have been so frequently repeated in various publications, and his proceedings in consequence, that it is needless to mention them more particularly here. The above were the only regular dramas performed at that theatre, the opening of which had deprived Mr. Colman of some of his best actors.

July the seventh, a comedy called the Country Attorney, by Mr. Cumberland, came out at the Hay-market, the principal characters in which were thus performed:

Mr. Sterling, the Attorney, Mr. Bensley; Sir Wilful Wayward, Mr. S. Kemble; Jack Volatile, Mr. Bannister, jun. Lord Millamour, Mr. R. Palmer; Mr. Worldly, Mr. Aickin; Mr. Gayless, Mr. Johnson; Frederic Wayward, Mr. Brown; Arabella Grenville, Miss Woolery; Mrs. Worldly,

Mrs.

Mrs. Bulkeley; Mrs. Gayless, Mrs. Cuyler; Lady Rustic, Miss Farren.

The prologue was spoken by Mr. Bensley; the epilogue written by Mr. Colman, was spoken by Miss Farren in the character of Lady Rustic.

August the fourth, Mr. Colman the younger, brought out his charming opera of Inkle and Yarico, altered from the well known story of that name. The Music by Doctor Arnold; the play was thus acted: Inkle, Mr. Bannister, junior; Sir Christopher Curry, Parsons; Trudge, Edwin; Medium, Baddeley; Yarico, Mrs. Kemble; Wowski, Miss George, and Narcissa, Mrs. Bannister. This interesting opera, a favourite from the first night, is always received with applause.

In August also came out the tragedy of Vimonda, by Mr. Macdonald. Messrs. S. Kemble, Bensley, and Bannister, jun. Miss

Miss Woolery*, and Mrs. Kemble. The scenery and dresses evinced the liberality of the manager, and Mrs. Kemble, in the character of Vimonda, rendered the pathetic scenes, particularly the last, extremely affecting. The tragedy on the whole was well performed, and applauded from all parts of a crowded theatre. The prologue was written by Mr. Macdonald, and spoken by Mr. Bensley; the epilogue was by Mr. Mackenzie, author of the Man of Feeling, the Mirror, and several other celebrated works; his muse sported pleasantly on the incident of a supposed ghost in the tragedy, and Mrs. Kemble did not do *less* justice to the *comic* than she had done to the *tragic* muse.

The farce of the Village Lawyer, ex-

* This young lady soon married and quitted the stage.

tremely well acted, and as well received, was the last new drama performed at the summer theatre, 1787.

Soon after their return to the metropolis, Mr. and Mrs. Crouch were introduced to Mr. Kelly, then just arrived in England, and engaged at Drury-lane theatre as first male singer. The father of Mr. Kelly had been for many years master of the ceremonies at Dublin Castle, and he no sooner discovered the musical and vocal talents of his son, than he had them cultivated by the best masters in Ireland, and at the early age of eleven years, young Michael Kelly sung at private concerts with very great applause. Signora Storace and her brother heard him, and prevailed on Mr. Kelly, senior, to let him accompany them to Italy for farther improvement.

At Naples he received instruction from the celebrated Signor Apprilli, and then sang with great applause at Palermo,

Rome, Prague, and Berlin, from whence, his fame reaching England, he was invited to this Kingdom on very liberal terms, and under the immediate patronage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

From his long residence abroad, Mr. Kelly arrived in England almost a stranger to the language, in which he obtained an excellent instructress in Mrs. Crouch, and she was equally benefitted by his scientific knowledge of Italian music. Mr. Crouch proposed his residing with them, and Mr. Kelly, then a stranger in London, gladly accepted the offer; they accordingly took a house in Titchfield-street, Cavendish-square, and he found himself established in a comfortable home, with agreeable society.

Lionel was the character chosen for his debut; Mrs. Crouch, the Clarissa; he taught her new graces for her song and she taught him to give proper expression

to

to the dialogue; and he appeared on the English stage supported by the plaudits of an elegant and crowded theatre; he sung the songs in a most captivating style, and went through the character with spirit and judgment, nor had he any cause to complain of the *coldness* of a British audience, for *he* was *warmly* welcomed as an acquisition to the stage.

Operas and musical after pieces were then brought forward at Drury-lane theatre more frequently than they had been for some time, and Lionel and Clarissa; The Maid of the Mill; Love in a Village; The Beggars' Opera; Selima and Azor; The Deserter, &c. &c. took their turn to gain applause, with the serious productions of tragedy for Siddons and Kemble; and the gay scenes of comedy for Farren, Jordan, and many others in her sprightly train.

At Covent Garden theatre the opera of Robin Hood was revived with new per-

formers and additional airs. Mr. Bowden came out in Robin Hood, Mrs. Wells played Stella, and Mrs. Billington Angelina; each had new and very charming airs and were greatly applauded in their respective characters.

In November, at Drury-lane theatre, came out a comedy called The New Peerage, or Our Eyes may Deceive us; written by Miss H. Lee, sister to the Lady who wrote The Chapter of Accidents. The principal characters were ably sustained by Messrs. Wroughton, Bannister, junior, Suett, King, Miss Farren, and Mrs. Crouch, who had an interesting character and sung a beautiful air composed by Mr. Linley. The prologue, by Mr. Cumberland, was spoken by Mr. Wroughton; and the epilogue, by Miss H. Lee, received many charms from the captivating manner in which it was spoken by Miss Farren.

About this time was first performed at Covent

Covent Garden theatre Mr. O'Keeffe's musical farce called The Farmer; the music for the airs are partly original, and partly selected by Mr. Shield; the overture is by Giordani. How charmingly was this pleasant morceau performed! Mrs. Mattocks, in Betty Blackberry, Mrs. Martyr, in Molly Maybush, and Mr. Johnstone in Valentine, always give pleasure and seem perfectly at home in these characters; so did Edwin in Jemmy Jumps; Darley in the Farmer, and Blanchard in Rundy. Many of the songs immediately became popular favourites, particularly "Ere around the huge Oak," "Bonny Bet, sweet blossom!" and "The little Plough Boy." This is one of the never fading flowers in the dramatic Garland of O'Keeffe.

At Covent Garden, also, came out a pantomime for the holidays entitled The Dumb Cake, or The Regions of Fancy.

This piece was well got up, and received with approbation.

At the end of January, 1788, a tragedy called The Fate of Sparta, or The Rival Kings, by Mrs. Cowley, was brought out at Drury-lane theatre, and the principal characters thus performed, Leonidas, Mr. Bensley; Amphares, Mr. Barrymore; and Cleombrotus, Mr. Kemble. Mrs. Siddons was Chelonice. Mr. Wroughton spoke the prologue, and Mrs. Siddons the epilogue; they were both written by Mrs. Cowley whose productions were powerfully supported by the performers, and received with applause by the audience.

The Public were for some time deprived of Mrs. Crouch, that winter, by an accident which had nearly proved fatal to her beauty. In going to the theatre in a hackney coach, it overturned, and her face was dreadfully cut by the glass. She had

only

only the nurse with her sister Horrebow's child in the coach, and by throwing herself between the baby and the window, to preserve *him*, when she felt the coach going over, she received the injury, but rejoiced in the midst of her sufferings to see the little creature perfectly safe. She was taken into a house and a Surgeon sent for, who assured her that no glass was in the wounds, and was going to bind them up, but she knew too well by the pain that she felt, he deceived her, and sent for Mr. Cruikshanks, who came immediately, and extracted *many pieces* of *glass* which gave her great relief. It was long before the wounds healed sufficiently for her to appear on the stage; slight scars always remained, which rather injured the delicacy of her face, and they appeared more like a roughness in the skin than what they really were.

This unlucky accident caused many re-

 ports

ports against Mr. Crouch, as false as they were scandalous, that he had thrown things at her which had cut her face, but although he became a careless, inattentive husband, he was certainly too much the gentleman to be guilty of such an action, and the infamous slander was positively contradicted by Mrs. Crouch and her family, who never mentioned Mr. Crouch as a passionate, or an ill-natured man. Immediately after this accident, Mrs. Crouch had a carriage of her own, and continued to keep one until the taxes upon carriages became enormously high: yet a more fatal accident, which happened to her some years after, proved that her *own* coach could not secure her from danger.

It should have been mentioned in the first volume of this work, that besides performing Adelaide, in the Count of Narbonne, whenever that tragedy was acted, Mrs. Crouch had been the Ophelia

to

to Mr. Kemble's Hamlet, from the first of his playing that character at Drury-lane theatre, and she was deservedly admired and applauded in that interesting character; she also played Olivia in Twelfth Night, and spoke the language of Shakespeare with great judgment; in the part of Olivia she introduced the air of "How imperfect is expression." Mrs. Jordan is a fascinating Viola, and the strong resemblance between her and her brother, Mr. Bland, who played Sebastian, rendered that comedy extremely agreeable; indeed it could scarcely be ever better acted throughout than at that time; Mrs. Kemble, then Brereton, lost none of the spirit and humour of Maria's character; Dodd, in Sir Andrew Aguecheek; Palmer, Sir Toby Belch; and Parsons, the Fool, were a humourous trio; Mr. Bensley, in the vain fantastical Malvolio, was excellent; and Mr. Wroughton did every

thing he could for the poor love-sick Duke Orsino.

At Drury-lane theatre, February the twenty-fifth, came out Love in the East, or the Adventures of Twelve Hours, written by Mr. Cobb; the music partly selected, and partly new, by Mr. Linley. The opera was thus performed: Warnford, Mr. Kelly; Colonel Baton, Mr. Baddeley; Twist, Mr. Bannister. jun. Stanmore, Mr. Dignum; Colonel Bentley, Mr. Aickin; Mushroom, Mr. King;—Rosario, Miss Romanzini; Ormellina, Mrs. Crouch; Elisa, Mrs. Wilson; and Mrs. Mushroom, Miss Pope. This piece was well got up, and received with general approbation.

March the twenty-ninth, at Drury-lane theatre, came out a tragedy called The Regent, written by Bertie Greathead, Esq. which was thus performed: Gomez, Mr. Wroughton; Duke Ansaldo, Mr. Barrymore; Duke Manuel, Mr. Kemble; and Dianora, Mrs. Siddons: that it

was

was well acted cannot be doubted; the scenes were new and appropriate, and the dresses elegant. Mr. Wroughton spoke a very excellent prologue, written by the Rev. Mr. Williams; and an epilogue, as excellent, by Mrs. Piozzi, was spoken by Mrs. Siddons. The house was crowded, and the audience evinced their satisfaction by their plaudits.

At Covent Garden theatre, April the ninth, was performed, for the first time, a comedy, by Lady Wallace, entitled The Ton, or the Follies of Fashion; but this play being *known*, or *supposed*, to be a satire on living characters, a violent party was raised against it, and, after two nights of tumult, it was totally withdrawn on the third. A very sensible prologue was written for this unlucky piece, by J. Jekyll, Esq. and spoken by Mr. Farren. The epilogue, the joint production of two Captains, Morrice and Topham, was written for Mrs. Wells, who did justice to the

epilogue

epilogue in her *own* character; in acting, she had a certain line in which she was *truly* excellent; when she deviated from *that*, she was nothing but a very pretty woman, except when she attempted to imitate others, she was then a caricature of *herself*, and of those whom she took off; for could it be said that Mrs. Wells *imitated* Mrs. Siddons, when she made herself a *laughable* Isabella; or Mrs. Abington, when she exhibited an *ungraceful, affected* Widow Belmour? It was then that *good sense*, and the *sincere* admirers of Mrs. Wells, grieved to see so lovely a woman, who in many characters was fascinating, lose herself in what was falsely called her *imitations.*

At Covent Garden theatre, April the twenty-ninth, a farce, called Animal Magnetism, translated from a French piece by Mrs. Inchbald, was brought out, introduced by a good prologue, written by the eldest son of the late Mr. W. Wood-

Woodfall, which alluded delicately to to All on a Summer's Day, a piece which, though Mrs. Inchbald's, had been unsuccessful. Mr. Pope, who spoke the prologue, gave it every advantage, and the allusion being happily introduced, obtained great applause, and insured a favourable reception for the whimsical farce, which was exceedingly well performed.

Marquis de Lancy, Mr. Pope; Jeffery, Blanchard; La Fleur, Edwin; The Doctor, Mr. Quick;—Constance, Mrs. Wells; Lisette, Mrs. Mattocks.

Mrs. Mattocks played with her usual spirit. Mrs. Wells had a very elegant dress, and looked beautiful. The actors did great justice to their respective characters, and the piece was warmly applauded, and is still a favourite.

At the same theatre, May the twenty-second, came out a little opera called Marian, by Mrs. Brooke; the music, by Mr. Shield, was very charming. The

piece

piece is not equal to Rosina, but was rendered interesting by good acting and music; it was thus represented:—

Sir Harry Truman, Mr. Bowden; Robin, Mr. Blanchard; Thomas, Mr. Darley; Edward, Mr. Johnstone;—Peggy, Mrs. Kennedy; Patty Clover, Mrs. Martyr; Fanny, Miss Payne; Marian, Mrs. Billington.

Many of the songs were enchantingly written, composed, and sung, and they deservedly obtained encores and applause.

Richard Cœur de Lion was chosen by Mrs. Crouch, that winter, for one of the pieces on her benefit night, when she, for the first time, played Matilda, and Mr. Kelly, Richard; they sung the prison duet delightfully, and she never looked more lovely than in the minstrel's dress. Since that time they retained those characters, until a short time before her death.

In her domestic concerns she had met with

with a very serious trouble to a heart so truly affectionate as hers was, in parting with her sister Horrebow, who had accompanied her husband in a voyage to the East Indies. It was mentioned some time back, that Captain Horrebow had set out in the Hartwell, Captain Fiott, for Bengal; but most unfortunately, the crew mutinied before they had gone half their voyage, and by their want of order, ran the vessel on a reef of rocks near the island of Bona Vista, where she was wrecked, and poor Captain Horrebow, by this event, lost all the property which he had taken out with him, and was reduced from affluence to nothing but the clothes he had on, and obliged to return to England, instead of proceeding on his voyage. The value of the cargo caused the mutiny on board the Hartwell: it consisted of jewellery to the amount of 150,000l. dollars to the same amount, and the

the whole cargo of the Belvidere, who had lost her passage.

Soon after his unexpected arrival in that destitute plight, Captain Horrebow prepared for another voyage, and engaged for the passage of himself and his wife in the Beehive, Captain Bee. Mrs. Horrebow, who had expressed a wish to accompany the Captain, left her son in the care of Mrs. Crouch, and set sail with him for Bengal, where they arrived without any accident.

From the moment of their departure, Mrs. Crouch became a tender mother to their son, and Mr. Crouch was also very fond of the little Peter Horrebow. The summer of 1788, Mr. Kelly went to Liverpool with Mr. and Mrs. Crouch, and was not only greatly admired for his musical talents, but was also very much esteemed by the inhabitants of that city.

The summer theatre in the Hay-market pro-

produced nothing *new* until July the second, when a farce called The Prisoner at Large, by Mr. O'Keeffe, was brought out. It was well performed, and possessed more drollery than interest; yet Mrs. Brookes and Mrs. Kemble did every thing they could to render Rachel and Adelaide interesting. The materials of which this farce is composed are good, if they had been more carefully arranged; but the hasty manner in which they seem to be thrown together, destroy their effect, and make the whole appear an absurd jumble, that can only excite laughter when they might have displayed both humour and interest, and claimed approbation while they excited risibility.

On the tenth of the same month came out Ways and Means, or a Trip to Dover, a comedy, written by Mr. Colman, jun. The two Palmers, the two Bannisters, Mrs. Webb, and Mrs. Kemble, were the

prin-

principal performers. The dialogue of this comedy is animated by wit, polished by good sense, and enlivened by many smart and happy allusions. The audience attended to it with pleasure, and applauded with warmth. The prologue, by a friend, was spoken by Mr. Palmer. The epilogue, alluding to the scandal and criticisms of news papers, was excellently written by Mr. Colman, junior; and was delivered with appropriate humour by Mr. Palmer, as John Grub, the editor of a paper.

August the ninth, came out the Sword of Peace, a comedy; the first dramatic production of a lady. Miss Farren, Mrs. Kemble, Mr. S. Kemble, Mr. Palmer, his brother Robert, Baddeley, Wewitzer, and Bannister, junior, were the principal performers in this comedy, and did justice to their characters, particularly Miss Farren, Mrs. Kemble, and Mr. Bannister,

jun. The prologue and epilogue were written by the younger Colman; the former possessed much humour, and was well spoken by Mr. Palmer; the latter gave scope for the lovely Farren to display great spirit in the various allusions to the name of the comedy. The whole obtained general applause from a crowded house.

This was the last new piece brought out that season at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

At their return to town, Mr. and Mrs. Crouch resided in Bridges-street, in a private house, directly opposite York-street, where Mr. Kelly continued to board and lodge with them.

October the twenty-fifth, The Doctor and the Apothecary, a musical farce, translated from the German, by Mr. Cobb, came out at Drury-lane theatre, and was thus represented:

Tho-

Thomaso, the Apothecary, Mr. Parsons; Bilioso, the Doctor, Mr. Suett; Sturmwald, Mr. Dodd; Juan, Mr. Bannister, jun. Perez, Mr. Burton; Guzman, Mr. Sedgwick; Carlos, Mr. Kelly;—Theresa, Mrs. Booth; Isabella, Miss Romanzini; Anna, Mrs. Crouch.

This pleasant little piece was adorned by some delightful music by Ditters and Storace, to which the singers gave the true effect, and charmed the audience, who received the whole performance with great applause, and it became a stock-piece.

By the permission of Mr. Colman, his opera of Inkle and Yarico was got up about this time at Covent Garden theatre; Mrs. Billington was Yarico, Mr. Johnstone Inkle, Mrs. Martyr Wowski; several new airs were added, and the interesting piece was again received with unbounded applause.

At the beginning of November, Mrs. Crouch, through her interest, got her aunt Le Clerc appointed mistress of the Free Masons' School for female orphans, a situation for which she considered her aunt perfectly qualified; but the poor gentlewoman found the care of so many children too fatiguing, and not only her health, but her intellects became in a short time so much impaired, that she was obliged to relinquish the arduous task, and return to her affectionate niece; and although her mental derangement increased, Mr. Crouch never would hear of putting her among strangers in that melancholy state, but anxiously watched over her with filial attention.

At Covent Garden theatre, November the seventh, came out a comic romance called the Highland Reel, by Mr. O'Keeffe. The music partly selected, partly new, is by Mr. Shield and Mr. Corri. Some of the

the scenes, by Loutherbourg, were beautifully romantic. Allan Ramsey's Gentle Shepherd seems to have afforded a strong outline for the Highland Reel, to which Mr. O'Keeffe has added variety and humour. The opera was excellently performed by Messrs. Bannister, sen. Fearon, Blanchard, Quick, Edwin, Johnstone, Miss Reynolds, and Miss Fontenelle.

The piece is lively, bustling, and is not devoid of interest. The new airs are very pleasing, and the familiar Scotch tunes, with accompanyments by Mr. Shield, gave great delight; Mr. Johnstone, in Sandy, enchanted the audience with "At dawn I rose with jocund glee," and "Sweet Jane of Grissipoly." Mr. Bannister sung a loyal song with great applause; Miss Reynolds, a niece and pupil of Mrs. Kennedy, sung her pretty airs very charmingly. Edwin, Blanchard, and the playful Fontenelle, were all humour and

 vivacity.

vivacity. Mr. Quick was inimitable in M'Gilpin, and Mr. Farley an interesting Benia. Mr. Lewis spoke a prologue, although unusual to an opera, merely to introduce Miss Fontenelle, as a very young and new performer, to the audience; the prologue was much applauded, as was the young lady whom it introduced, not only at her entrée, but deservedly through her spirited character, particularly when as a soldier, she sung the lively air of "Tho' I am now a very little lad," which insured her success. The Highland Reel, reduced to an after-piece, continues to be frequently acted with applause. It is printed in O'Keeffe's works as it first came out.

At the end of November was first acted The Pannel, a farce, taken from the comedy called 'Tis well it's no Worse, written by Bickerstaffe. Mr. Kemble selected the scenes, and altered them with

 critical

critical judgment and knowledge of stage effect: the farce was well performed *then* at Drury-lane theatre, and with universal approbation, and has not yet lost its credit with the public.

At Covent Garden theatre, at the same time, came out The Child of Nature, a drama, in four acts, translated from the French by Mrs. Inchbald; the few characters in this truly sentimental and interesting piece, were performed with great success, as follows:

The Duke, Mr. Ryder; the Marquis, Mr. Farren; Alberto, Mr. Aickin; Seville, Mr. Fearon; Count Valentia, Mr. Lewis; — the Marchioness, Mrs. Mattocks; Amanthis, Miss Brunton. A very humourous epilogue, written by M. P. Andrews, Esq. was admirably delivered by Mrs. Mattocks, who also ably sustained her character in the piece; Miss Brunton was a fascinating Child of Nature;

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the elegant trifle obtained great applause, and is still received with approbation.

December the thirteenth, was brought out at the same theatre, an opera called the Prophet; it was powerfully aided by the decorations, and the performers, Bannister, sen. Blanchard, Edwin, Ryder, Quick, and Johnstone;—Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Martyr, and Mrs. Billington; but, not being very successful, the Prophet was soon reduced to an after-piece.

In January 1789, at Drury-lane theatre, came out a comedy called the Imposters, written by Mr. Cumberland; it was thus represented:

Lord Janus, Mr. Palmer; Polycarp, Mr. Wroughton; Sir Solomon Sapient, Mr. Baddeley; Captain Sapient, Mr. Aickin; Oliver, Mr. Suett; Sir Charles Freemantle, Mr. Barrymore;—Miss Dorothy, Miss Pope; Eleanor, Mrs. Jordan.

 Although

Although the performers did much for their respective characters, this play was not so happy as many others, by the same author, which have been received with enthusiastic applause.

At Covent Garden theatre, February the third, was brought out the Toy, or the Lie of the Day, a comedy, began by Mr. Pilon, who did not live to complete it; the fragment was purchased of his widow by Mr Harris, and the piece was finished by Mr. O'Keeffe, and is printed with his works as his *own*—but perhaps its having been partly written by the deceased Pilon, may be nothing more than a *Lie of the Day*, which is reported for a truth. Like most of O'Keeffe's productions, it chiefly depended on his comic supporters, Mr. Lewis, Quick, Edwin, Blanchard, &c. and his new acquisition, Miss Fontenelle, who seemed born to play through the whimsical characters

which

which he could write for her. Miss Brunton's Lady Jane, and Mr. Holman's Edward O'Donavan, were very interesting; so was Aickin's Sir Carrol O'Donavan. A prologue, written by Mr. O'Keeffe, was spoken by Mr. Middleton; the epilogue, by the same author, was spoken by Edwin, in the character of Metheglin. The Toy was received with approbation.

March the twenty-first, at Drury-lane theatre, was first performed the historical tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots, written by the Hon. Henry St. John. Mrs. Siddons was Queen Mary, Mr. Kemble the Duke of Norfolk. Mrs. Siddons never looked better than she did in the beautiful and appropriate dresses she had chosen for that character, which she performed with becoming dignity; she spoke an epilogue written by the honourable author of the tragedy. The prologue was written

 by

by Mr. Fawkner, and spoken by Mr. Wroughton.

At the beginning of April came out Little Hunchback, or a Frolick in Bagdad, a farce, by Mr. O'Keeffe, taken from the Arabian Nights. Mr. Quick played the character of Crumpy so excellently, that his comic humour enlivened the piece throughout. Edwin, Wilson, and several other performers, did ample justice to their characters, and the whimsical trifle extorted applause from a diverted audience. This farce was performed at Covent Garden theatre, where also came out that season the pantomime called Aladin, or the Wonderful Lamp, which is likewise taken from a story in the Arabian Nights; it possessed both novelty and interest, and had a great run; it was enriched with airs and choruses composed by Mr. Shield. A grand dance, the death of Captain

tain Cook, had also a great run at that time, and was truly affecting, as a natural and very interesting story, which sets forth the Captain's humanity in such an advantageous light, that it excites the most heart-felt grief for his death, and renders the dance so completely tragic, that tears, fainting, and hysterics, have frequently been the consequences which attended the treacherous and fatal stab; the savage left the dagger in his back—his steps falter—it was horrible—and it was *no fiction*—Captain Cook had existed and had thus treacherously been slain!!

April the twentieth, at Drury-lane theatre, came out a comedy called False Appearances, written by the Right Hon. General Conway. This elegant production was first performed by persons of fashion at Richmond House, with great applause; nor did it obtain less from a very brilliant audience at Drury-lane. A prologue,

written by the General, was spoken by Mr. Wroughton. The epilogue, by General Burgoyne, had great merit, which was heightened by the captivating manners of Miss Farren, who entered with the mirror of truth hanging on her arm, which she very gracefully exercised to detect *false appearances*; the poets happy idea afforded her scope for vivacity, which excited warm and general plaudits.

We believe this comedy was the first *new* piece in which Mrs. Brereton took the name of Kemble.

At Covent Garden theatre, May the eighth, a new comedy was announced under the name of The School for Widows, which was very well received the *first* night by those who had not seen or who could not recollect the *Country Attorney*, written by Mr. Cumberland, and performed at the theatre Royal Hay-market in the Summer of 1787. As a *revived* play altered and

and new named, it might have succeeded, but as a *new* one it did not, although it was very interesting and excellently performed at Covent Garden, as follows:

Mr. Sterling, Mr. Fearon; Sir Wilful Wayward, Mr. Quick; Jack Marmozet, (*Volatile*) Mr. Lewis; Lord Mirabel (*Millamour*) Mr. Farren; Mr. Worldly, Mr. Ryder; Mr. Gayless, Mr. Davies; Frederic, Mr. Pope;—Arabella, Miss Tweedale; Mrs. Worldly, Mrs. Mattocks; Mrs. Gayless, Miss Wewitzer; Lady Charlotte Richmore (*Rustic*) Mrs. Abington.

Since Mrs. Abington quitted Drury-lane theatre, she had never studied a new character until this. Mr. Cumberland's original Charlotte Rusport could not refuse his Charlotte Richmore.

A few lines, written by a young lady, on the representation of the School for Widows, will give a just idea of that Comedy. A very few copies were dispersed,

 but

but it is believed they never appeared in print before now.

THOUGHTS AT THE REPRESENTATION OF MR. CUMBERLAND'S COMEDY, THE SCHOOL FOR WIDOWS.

Hence, sons of Momus, laughter-loving crew!
These scenes are too refin'd, too grave for you;
No ribaldry, no ill-tim'd jest you'll hear,
Nor will one over-drawn buffoon appear;
Hence, to your Bacchanalian mirth away!
Let only candour, taste, and judgment stay.
This drama was by Cumberland design'd,
To form the manners, and improve the mind;
His muse her characters from Nature draws,
Writes to the *heart*, and seeks from *that* applause.
She pours in pleasure's glass salubrious wine,
No pois'nous juice to cloud the spark divine.
'Tis Reason's feast, a banquet for the soul!
Richmore presides, and dignifies the whole.
A gen'rous heart in her soft bosom glows,
Justly she thinks, and nobly she bestows;
Such sentiments Thalia's self reveres,
While sensibility's sweet smile she wears,

The

The lib'ral *thought*, the lib'ral *act*, she *feels*,
And gracefully her *comic* charms conceals,
Her voice, her looks, deportment, all impart,
The Author's meaning to the raptur'd heart.
* Now arch Thalia in her gayest smiles,
Her playful graces, and her wanton wiles,
Tunes to its liveliest strain the comic lyre,
While fascinated crowds applaud, admire!

The public expressed no disapprobation of this comedy; they applauded the performers according to their merit; but they showed their resentment, for what they deemed an imposition, by withdrawing themselves from the theatre until the school for Widows was *withdrawn*; and Mrs. Abington, who had played all her admired characters at that theatre, for six or seven seasons, constantly to over-flowing houses, in Lady Charlotte Richmore, although ex-

* Mrs. Abington spoke a very humourous epilogue, with unbounded applause.

cellently written and excellently performed, had the *novelty* of seeing more than half the pit empty, and thin boxes. Messrs. Pope, Quick, and Lewis, did infinite justice to their respective characters, and Mrs. Mattocks played with her usual spirit.

About three seasons previous to that, Mrs. Abington had requested Mr. Murphy to write a new comedy, and he answered her by having a new edition of the Way to Keep Him published with the following elegant dedication:

"TO MRS. ABINGTON.

"MADAM,

"You will be surprised, at this distance of time, and in this public manner, to receive an answer to a very polite letter which you addressed to me in the course of the last summer at Yarmouth.

In

In a strain of vivacity, which always belongs to you, you invite me to write again for the stage. You tell me, that having gone through the comedies of THE WAY TO KEEP HIM, ALL IN THE WRONG, and THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE, you now want more from the same hand. I am not bound, you say, by my resolution, signified in a prologue about ten years ago, to take my leave of the dramatic muse. At the perjuries of poets, as well as lovers, Jove laughs; and the public, you think, will be ready to give me a general release from the promise. All this is very flattering. If the following scenes, at the end of five and twenty years, still continue to be a part of the public amusement, I know to what cause I am to ascribe it. Those graces of action, with which you adorn whatever you undertake, have given to the piece a degree of brilliancy, and even novelty, as often

often as you have repeated it. I am not unmindful of the performers who first obtained for the author the favour of the town: a GARRICK, a YATES, a CIBBER, united their abilities; and who can forget Mrs. Clive? They have all passed away, and the comedy might have passed with them, if you had not so frequently placed it in a conspicuous light.

"The truth is, without such talents as yours, all that the poet writes is a dead letter. He designs for representation, but it is the performers that give to the draught, however justly traced, a form, a spirit, a countenance, a mind. All this you have done for the WIDOW BELMOUR; and that excellence in your art, which you are known to possess, can, no doubt, lend the same animation to any new character. But, alas! I have none to offer. That 'tinder in the poet's mind,' which, as Dr. YOUNG says, 'takes fire from

from every spark,' I have not found, even though you have endeavoured to kindle the flame. Could I write as you can act, I should be proud to obey your commands: but after a long disuse, how shall I recover the train of thinking necessary for plot, humour, incident, and character?

"In the place of novelty, permit me to request that THE WAY TO KEEP HIM may be inscribed to you. You are intitled to it, madam; for your talents have made the play your own. A dedication, I grant, at this period of time, comes rather late; but being called upon for a new edition, I have retouched the dialogue, and, perhaps, so refined the whole, that, in its present state, it may be deemed less unworthy of your acceptance. It is therefore my wish, that this address may in future attend the comedy, to remain, as long as such a thing can remain, a

tribute

tribute due to the GENIUS OF MRS. ABINGTON, and a mark of that esteem with which I subscribe myself,

"Madam,

"Your real admirer,

"And most obedient servant,

"ARTHUR MURPHY."

Lincoln's Inn,
Nov. 5, 1805.

As "a tribute due to the genius of Mrs. Abington," this address is inserted here, for in the Widow Belmour she is certainly inimitable; nor is the excellency of Mrs. Pope, formerly Miss Younge, in Mrs. Lovemore, to be forgotten; the servants take up so much of the first act of this comedy, that unless they are filled by excellent comedians who can support the dialogue with spirit, that part of it is extremely tiresome, and exhausts the patience of the auditors before the second act, and the play requires the enlivening widow

widow to support it, for even Mrs. Lovemore is but a dull wife, until roused into energy by the lively and sensible Belmour. This comedy had been frequently performed at Covent Garden theatre from 1782 to 1789, and had obtained universal applause, notwithstanding the heaviness of the first scenes, for who could be a substitute for Mrs. Clive and Miss Pope in Muslin, but Mrs. Mattocks? who would have sustained the spirit of the character? and *she* did *not* play it.

At Covent Garden theatre, May the fifteenth, for the benefit of Mrs. Wells, was brought out a comedy called the Dramatist, written by Mr. Reynolds, which was thus represented:

Vapid, the Dramatist, Mr. Lewis; Lord Scratch, Mr. Quick; Neville, Mr. Middleton; Florivelle, Mr. Blanchard; Willoughby, Mr. Macready; — Louisa Court-

Courtney, Miss Brunton; Lady Wait-for't, Mrs. Webb; Marian, Mrs. Wells.

This lively eccentric piece was ably supported by the performers, particularly by Mr. Lewis, who perfectly entered into the comic spirit of his character, and kept the house in a roar of laughter. The prologue was written by R. Merry, Esq. and spoken by Mr. Bernard: The epilogue, by M. P. Andrews, Esq. was admirably delivered by Mr. Lewis, in the character of Vapid, the Dramatist; it possessed a fund of appropriate humour, and was loudly applauded. This was the last new piece which came out at the winter theatres that season.

Mr. and Mrs. Crouch went with Mr. Kelly, in the summer of 1789, to Ireland, for a certain number of nights, were the two latter were received with great applause. Mrs. Crouch had been greatly improved in her singing by Mr. Kelly. It is

is believed they visited Liverpool on their return to England.

The Theatre Royal, Hay-market, opened with the English Merchant, and a new burletta called The Enraged Musician, by Mr. Colman the elder, who took the idea from Hogarth's famous print so called. The music is by Dr. Arnold. The airs were in general good, and well sung by Mr. Iliff, Miss George, and Mrs. Bannister. Reeve, in the Knife Grinder, sung an appropriate song with much humour. Mr. Edwin, jun. spoke an introductory prologue to the burletta. The whole was received with applause.

The theatre had been repaired and embellished, and looked remarkable light and elegant.

On Wednesday, June the seventeenth, the Opera House was burnt down, and several adjoining houses were also consumed. The

The dancers were rehearsing a ballet on the stage between ten and eleven o'clock at night, when they perceived fire falling from the flys, and before they had time to go up that immense height, the upper part of the theatre was in a blaze, and the flames rapidly communicated to every part of the building. Many instruments, a quantity of music, and a great part of the wårdrobe, were destroyed. Luckily it was not opera night; at that hour, the evening before, the theatre was crowded; the next night was to have been a benefit; how many lives were preserved by the fire breaking out when the house was empty! for the wild terror of an audience, in such a dreadful case, precipitates them into danger, when if they would consider that the extent of a theatre, and the doors being so far distant from each other, afford them sufficient time to escape from the flames without running the hazard

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of being trampled to death; but alas! in a fright, few can preserve their presence of mind! Operas were after this accident performed at the Pantheon, in Oxford-street, which, in the autumn, was properly arranged for their representation the next season.

To celebrate the happy recovery of his Majesty, and his going to St. Paul's, Mr. Colman. junior, exerted his Poetical genius in some excellent lines, entitled British Loyalty, or a Squeeze for St. Pauls, which was spoken by Mr. Bannister, junior, on his benefit night, with great effect. In this piece, Mr. Bannister made remarks in his own character, then as an Irishman, a Welchman, a Scotchman; an old loyal man, who says he is ninety two, but,

"Would needs crawl out to see my King go by,
And then I'll totter home content, and die."
"Cheerly old boy!" cries heart of Oak, that's right,
Keep it up merry heart! We'll all drink, fight,

Push,

Push, jostle, squeeze our souls out, any thing,
In honour of our *good* and *gracious* King;
Roar away messmates, strike up, now, or never,
Long live the King! May the King live for ever!"

This tribute of loyalty, delivered in Mr. Bannister's energetic manner, was received with huzzas and peals of applause, which evinced an audience glowing with British loyalty.

July the eleventh, came out a farce called The Family Party. This little piece was introduced by a very clever prologue, delivered by Mr. Bannister, junior, with great humour; he also rendered Sir Toby Twaddle very diverting; as did poor Baddeley Old Spriggins. Mr. R. Palmer did great justice to Pinch, and Mrs. Webb played Mrs. Malmsey with her usual humour, and the whole performance obtained applause.

The fifteenth of the same month, was brought

brought out a drama of three acts, intitled, The Married Man, from the French, by Mrs. Inchbald. The three Clasics, Father, Son, and Uncle, were well supported by Aickin, Mr. Bannister, junior, and Mr. S. Kemble; as was Lord Lovemore, by Mr. R. Palmer; Emily and Matilda were Mrs. Brooks and Mrs. S. Kemble, and were of course pleasing and interesting. The piece was well received.

August the thirteenth, came out the Battle of Hexham, a play, adorned with songs and chorusses, written by Mr. Colman, the younger. The two Bannisters, R. Palmer, Baddeley, Edwin, Mrs. Goodall, and Mrs. Kemble, graced the dramatis personæ. The play on the whole possessed great merit, and, in some parts, was ex tremely pathetic. Doctor Arnold was peculiarly successful in his compositions for this historical drama; and the scenery, by Mr. Rooker, was beautiful. The audience

were

were unanimous and warm in their plaudits throughout the performance; and the Battle of Hexham is a lasting favourite with the public. No other new drama was required for the remainder of the summer season.

This year Mr. Colman, junior, had the heart-felt affliction of perceiving the brilliant intellects of his father impaired by mental disease. It is dreadful to see the commonest faculties clouded by insanity, but it appears still more so to behold a cloud over those which have illuminated the literary world for many years, with undiminished lustre.—The enraged Musician was the last dramatic effort of the elder Colman, who died to the *world* in 1789, he *existed* till 1794.

Mrs. Crouch, her husband, and her Cicisbeo returned to their house in Brydges-street at the commencement of the winter season, and in October, Dryden's altera-

tion

tion of Shakespeare's Tempest was got up, with new accompaniments by Linley, and new scenery. General Burgoyne wrote an excellent epilogue for the occasion, spoken by the enchanting Farren, who gave force and spirit to the whole, particularly to the elegant compliment to the Prince of Wales, with which it concludes.

"High o'er the crowd, inflam'd with patriot fire,
Pure as the virtues that endear his Sire!
See one who leads, as mutual trials prove,
A band of brothers to a people's love:
One, who on station scorns to found controul,
But gains pre-eminence by worth of soul.
These are the honours that, on Reason's plan,
Adorn the Prince, and vindicate the Man;
While gayer passions, warm'd at Nature's breast,
Play o'er his youth—the feathers of his crest."

In the play Miss Farren was Dorinda; Mrs. Crouch, Miranda. Their dresses were white, ornamented with spotted furs; coral

coral beads adorned their heads, necks, and arms. They looked beautiful, and rendered the characters uncommonly interesting. Mrs. Goodall, a fine figure in male attire, played Hyppolito; and Miss Romanzini, Ariel, whose pleasing manners were extremely well suited to the character: she sung the airs with great taste. Mr. Williames was the Caliban; Mr. Bensley, Prospero; and Mr. Kelly, Ferdinand. The favourite duet, "O thou wert born to please me!" was sung by Ferdinand and Miranda with great applause; and Mr. Kelly evinced feeling and judgment throughout the character, particularly when he is supposed to have slain Hyppolito. The other characters were extremely well supported, and the play obtained the most deserved applause throughout.

In the same month a comedy, called The False Friend, written by Sir John Van-

Vanbrugh, was revived by Mr. Kemble, with judicious alterations, and performed with success at Drury-lane theatre.

November the seventh came out, at the same theatre, a tragedy intitled Marcella, in three acts, by Mr. Hayley. It was thus performed:—

The Governor of Barcelona, Mr. Wroughton; Alonzo, Mr. Barrymore; Lupercio, Mr. Whitfield; Lopez, Mr. Benson; Hernandez, Mr. Kemble;—Marcella, Mrs. Powell.

This tragedy was printed, and not designed for the stage, on which it did not succeed, although Mr. Kemble did every thing that a *human being* could do for the *fiend* Hernandez.

On the tenth, the same tragedy was brought out also at Covent Garden theatre, where Mrs. Pope exerted her powers to support Marcella; but the piece retired from the stage, and has since con-

 fined

fined itself totally to the closet, for which it was originally written. The language is fine, the story horrid.

November eighteenth, his Majesty, for the first time after his long indisposition, went to Covent Garden theatre, accompanied by the Queen and the three eldest Princesses. The theatre was crowded. "God save the King!" was sung several times in full chorus, the audience joining with the performers, the principal of whom were Messrs. Bannister, Darley, Blanchard, Davies, and Johnstone. If the sight of their Sovereign, in perfect health, gave delight to his people, their acclamations of joy, and the fervent tokens of their loyalty and affection, must have given equal delight to his Majesty and the Royal Family.

On the nineteenth, Mrs. Abington played Belinda, in All in the Wrong; and Roxalina, in the Sultan.

And

And on the twentieth, Mr. King, who had been some time absent from the stage, made his first appearance at that theatre in Touchstone, in As You Like It, and in Bon Ton. *Three* such immensely crowded houses, without intermission, were not remembered by the oldest door-keepers of the theatre.

In November, also, came out, at Drury-lane theatre, a musical entertainment, called The Isle of St. Marguerite, by the Hon. Henry St. John. It was thus performed :—

Prisoner in the Iron Mask, Mr. Kelly; Commandant, Mr. Barrymore; Jonas, Mr. Bannister, junior; Turnkey, Mr. Suett;—Nanette, Miss Romanzini; Lady Abbess, Mrs. Edwards; Caroline, Mrs. Crouch.

The music, selected with great taste by Mr. Shaw, is very pleasing; the dresses and scenery displayed the liberality of the ma-

managers; and the piece was admirably performed. Mr. Kelly and Mrs. Crouch were greatly applauded, as was also Mr. Bannister, junior, who sung his songs with so much humour, that he was encored in them all. His laughable Jonas was a good contrast to a serious prologue, which he delivered with his usual energy, particularly the following lines, after mentioning the doubts concerning the Prisoner in the Iron Mask:—

"Then let his visage, wrapp'd in iron case,
As hard and cold as any critic's face,
Here oft revisit, clad in complete steel,
To spur and whet our almost blunted zeal,
To guard the blessings of our public weal:
Wisely to guard that health, which wants no cure,
Nor *fancied ills*, to shun—*true woes* ensure;
No need for strong restoratives *we* feel
For caustic fire, or amputating steel.
Oh! blessed Isle! to whom by birth 'tis given,
To own the choicest gifts of bounteous Heaven!

Thou

'Thou precious gem! set in the silver sea* !'
Begirt with Plenty, Peace, and Liberty;
Thou Fortress, made by Nature's magic wand,
To guard thy children from Infection's hand;
Oh! like the Sun, thy warmth and light dispense,
With undiminish'd rays, and influence.
Nations of Freemen, yet unborn, shall own
Thee parent of their rights. Thou, who alone,
By storms surrounded, fix'd on Albion's rock,
With pity, from on high, behold'st the shock
Of jarring elements—thyself at rest,
Conscious that thou, above all nations blest,
Free from revolt, alike, and slavish awe,
Art doubly safe—where Liberty is Law!"

These lines were calculated to inspire a British audience with good-humour, even if the piece had not abounded with humour, splendour, and interest. The noble author had every reason to be satisfied with its reception.

The twenty-fourth of the same month, and at the same theatre, came out The

* Shakespeare.

 Haunted

Haunted Tower, an opera, by Mr. Cobb; the music by Storace. On the first night of this opera, Signora Storace made her first appearance on the English stage, after having been a very great favourite in the Italian comic operas for several seasons in England. The Haunted Tower was thus performed:—

Lord William, Mr. Kelly; Edward, Mr. Bannister, junior; Baron of Oakland, Mr. Baddeley; Hugo, Mr. Moody; Robert, Mr. Dignum; Lewis, Mr. Suett; De Courcy, Mr. Whitfield; Martin, Mr. Williams; Hubert, Mr. Webb; Charles, Mr. Sedgwick; — Lady Elinor, Mrs. Crouch; Cicely, Miss Romanzini; Maud, Mrs. Booth; Adela, Signora Storace.

The Lord William, of Mr. Kelly, is an excellent piece of acting; he renders the character throughout dignified and interesting. The manner in which he sings "Spirit of my sainted sire!" is extremely

im-

impressive: the audience always feel, applaud and encore it. Signora Storace and Mr. Bannister, in Edward and Adela, are inimitable; they are every thing which the playful characters require, and can never be excelled, nor, perhaps, be ever equalled. Mrs. Bland, in Cicely, has lost none of those pleasing manners and sweet notes which charmed when she was Romanzini.

Poor Baddeley performed the old Baron with true humour; he seemed quite at home in that character. Mrs. Crouch, then in the highest perfection of her beauty and of her song, was an elegant, a matchless Lady Elinor! How she was admired in that character!

The success of this opera is well known, as it has been a lasting favourite. In the course of this work it will, most probably, be again spoken of, on account of new performers who have appeared in it.

A new pantomime, called Harlequin Chaplet, was brought out at Covent Garden theatre.

At Drury-lane theatre, a farce, called The Farm House, was performed the beginning of February, 1790. This little piece was taken from Charles Johnson's Country Lasses, or the Custom of the Manor, by Mr. Kemble, who altered it to suit the more modern refinement of the stage. Johnson's comedy was taken from Fletcher's Custom of the Country.

At the same theatre, in March, was brought out a farce, called The Adventurers, the first production of Edward Morris, Esq. when he was under twenty years of age, and gave a promise of future genius. It was introduced by a prologue, written by a friend, in which the author of the farce is mentioned as a stripling, a beardless youth. It was favourably received.

In March, at Covent Garden theatre,

came out The Czar Peter, an opera, by Mr. O'Keeffe, which was thus excellently performed:—

Peter the first, Czar of Muscovy, Mr. Bannister, senior; Colonel Lefort, Mr. Johnstone; Commodore Swivel, Mr. Darley; Justice Applejack, Mr. Quick; Philip, Lefort's Servant, Mr. Edwin; Count Convanski, Mr. Blanchard; Romadanowski, Mr. C. Powell; Ballybough, Mr. Rock; Slip, Mr. Egan; Nib, Mr. Farley; — Ottokesa, Mrs. Billington; Mrs. Applejack, Mrs. Mountain; Ellen, Mrs. Martyr.

The music was by Mr. Shield: some of the airs possessed great beauty, others infinite humour. The author could not have chosen a more interesting story, or one which could have afforded him a greater scope for both interest and comic humour; but in this piece he certainly trifled with his own genius, and wrote far

beneath the abilities of performers who could have supported the opera, and rendered it a lasting favourite, if he had put it in their power. But the serious characters, the Czar, Lefort, Swivel, and Ottokesa, are merely slight sketches, which, with very little trouble, might have been finished in a style of excellence to which the performers would have done ample justice, and have insured them applause. As to the comic characters, they are more than farcical; they are actually absurd, and disgusted when they might have delighted. The Czar was reduced to an after-piece, and called The Fugitive.

In *this*, as in all O'Keeffe's dramas, some sentiments are interspersed that do honour to his heart; they always spring, even in his most unsuccessful pieces, like beautiful flowers in an uncultivated garden. In the opera of The Czar, Mrs. Billing-

Billington introduced the fine air from Alexander's Feast,

"The prince unable to conceal his pain,"

which she sung delightfully, and with great applause.

That season, the charming little opera of No Song no Supper, by Prince Hoare, Esq. was brought out for the benefit of Mr. Kelly — Signora Storace the Margaretta. It was received with great applause, and is still a favourite piece.

Mrs. Crouch and Mr. Kelly were engaged at Liverpool for the summer of 1790, to which city Mr. Crouch accompanied them.

Italian operas were performed that season at the little theatre, in the Haymarket, which was rendered as commodious for them as its size would permit.

Mr.

Mr. Colman did not open for his performances until June the fourteenth, when the following address was spoken by Mr. Bannister, junior:—

"Once more, tho' late, we boast our best endeavour
To court your smiles; and better *late* than *never*:
Too sure our May is fall'n into the sear,
Curtail'd our fair proportion of the year;
Yet now great wintry kings permit, and we appear.
Moliere's Mock Doctor, cudgell'd into knowledge,
Prov'd nature had been mended by the college.
From the left side the heart displacing quite,
'Twas fix'd, *secundum artem*, on the right.

"Thus the two schools, of high dramatic learning,
Have, in their low'ring wisdom and discerning,
Decreed the seasons wanted emendation,
And make, in time, some little alteration:
Hard frosts till June protract—make tempests rage
Till Dog-day dramas crowd the winter stage!
In red, green boxes, heated beaux debating
Whether to-morrow will be sultry skaiting!

At

"At length our bark is launch'd—and may the
breeze
Of favour waft us o'er our summer's seas!
Our hope to sail, by critic storms untost;
But, ah!—our good old Pilot we have lost!
Who at the helm so oft has work'd—who knew
And scap'd each dang'rous shoal—who cheer'd
our crew,
Disabled now, alas! while serving you!
Oh! may he yet, as veterans, on shore,
Who, many a toil and weary service o'er,
Sit calmly on the beach, and thro' the main
Trace, in fond fancy, ev'ry voyage again;
Ponder, retir'd, on this past bustling scene,
And be the evening of his day serene!

"For our young Steersman, now, who dares
aspire,
In time of need, to labour for his Sire;
Do you, who ev'ry genial feeling know,
Who mark the tear which nature bids to flow,
Smile on his anxious care!—the bark protect;
Nor let him in a cause like *this* be wreck'd!"

Every person, who possessed a feeling heart, received this address with tears—its *best* applause.

June

June the twenty-sixth, a new farce was brought out at the summer theatre, called Try Again. It was a whimsical trifle, well performed by Messrs. Bannister, junior, Aickin, Ryder, Barret, Burton;—Mrs. Brooks, Edwards, Taylor, and was well received.

July the sixteenth was performed a new opera, intitled New Spain, or Love in Mexico. It was thus represented:—

Don Lopez, Mr. Ryder; Don Garcias, Mr. Waterhouse; Don Juan, Mr. Davies; Secretary, R. Palmer; Zempoalla, Mr. Cubit; Alkmonoak, Mr. Bannister; Fabio, Mr. Bannister, junior; Iscagli, Mrs. Bannister; Leonora, Mrs. Goodall; Julia, Mrs. Iliff; Ulah, Mrs. Edwards; Flora, Miss Fontenelle.

This opera possessed humour, interest, and sentiment, and obtained applause, although some of the incidents were not strictly probable.

The

The Basket-Maker, a farce, by Mr. O'Keeffe, came out that summer; the music by Doctor Arnold; and was extremely well performed by the three Bannisters, Ryder, R. Palmer, and Miss Fontenelle; but the burlesque weakened the interest, and it was unsuccessful.

Mr. Colman, junior, did not favour the public with any composition of his own that season, which was remarkably short.

Mrs. Crouch, her husband, and Mr. Kelly, on their return to town, took up their abode again in Brydges-street, which they found very convenient from its vicinity to Drury-lane theatre.

Comedy and O'Keeffe lost one of their best supporters at this period in poor Edwin, who made his exit from this world's stage October the 31st, in the meridian of his life and comic excellence. He was a loss to the stage not easily to be re-

placed;

placed; for, as Anthony Pasquin very justly says, in speaking of Edwin,

"Such men are not born above once in a cent'ry."

November the twelfth, at Covent Garden theatre, came out a comedy, translated from the German, called The German Hotel, which was extremely well performed, as follows:—

Count Ferling, Mr. Quick; Henry, Mr. Blanchard; Rummer, Mr. Wilson; Baron Forck, Mr. Farren; Count D'Orville, Mr. Aickin; Young D'Orville, Mr. Holman; Adelaide, Mrs. Mattocks; Clarissa, Mrs. Pope.

This comedy possesses more interest than humour: it was ably supported by the performers, and was received with approbation. The prologue was spoken by Mr. Farren, and a very good epilogue by Mr. Ryder and Mrs. Mattocks, in the characters of Mr. Carnock, an Author, and

and an Actress, and was delivered with very great effect.

On the seventeenth of the same month, at Drury-lane theatre, a comedy, by M. P. Andrews, Esq. intitled Better Late than Never, made its first appearance, and was thus represented:—

Sir Charles Chouce, Mr. Palmer; Pallet, Mr. R. Palmer; Litigamus, Mr. Bannister, junior; Flurry, Mr. Dodd; Grump, Mr. Baddeley; Saville, Mr. Kemble; Diary, Miss Pope; Mrs. Flurry, Mrs. Goodall; Augusta, Mrs. Jordan.

Mr. Kemble played Saville with his usual excellence; Mr. Bannister gave true humour to Litigamus the proctor; Miss Pope and Mrs. Goodall sustained their characters with great smartness; and Mrs. Jordan was a most interesting Augusta, and truly admirable in her transformations. The prologue, written by his Grace the

the Duke of Leeds, was spoken by Mr. Bannister, junior. The epilogue, by Mr. Andrews, was charmingly *acted* by Mrs. Jordan.

At Covent Garden theatre came out a pantomime, called A Picture of Paris in the Year 1790; the dialogue and songs by Mr. Merry; the pantomime by Mr. Bonnor; the music by Mr. Shield. The overture was divided by an introductory prologue, spoken by Mr. Holman. This temporary piece amused for the Christmas holidays. As the airs were very excellent, and sung by the vocal strength of the house, Mrs. Billington excepted, altogether it was extremely showy and animated.

A piece, alluding to the French affairs much about that period, was intended for the stage by Mr. O'Keeffe, but was never acted; yet it is printed with his works, under the title of Le Grenadier, with these

these names to the dramatis personæ:—Edwin, Bannister, sen. Darley, and Johnstone; Mrs. Martyr, and Mrs. Mountain. The music was also composed for it by Mr. Shield: it is a mixture of dumb show, dialogue, and airs.

The Widow of Malabar, a tragedy, by Miss Starke, was brought out, at Covent Garden theatre, early in January, 1791. The principal characters were performed by Messrs. Harley, Farren, Holman, and Miss Brunton. The dramatic effect of this piece had been frequently tried in Mrs. Crespigny's private theatre, at Camberwell, previous to its being exhibited on the public stage. Mr. Starke, father to the fair dramatist, had been for some years governor of the country where the scene of the tragedy lies, therefore the costume is correctly preserved. The piece throughout, particularly the procession, displayed Eastern magnificence. A pro-

logue, extremely appropriate, was written by W. T. Fitzgerald, Esq. and spoken by Mr. Holman: it ends with these lines, addressed to the liberal-minded few:—

"Who love the Muse's offspring to sustain,
Who judge with candour, and condemn with pain."

The epilogue, by R. J. Starke, Esq. was adapted to the comic powers of Mrs. Mattocks, and was much applauded. Indeed, the whole performance was received by an elegant audience with universal applause.

Mrs. Crespigny, the lady at whose theatre the Widow of Malabar was first performed, delights in being an encourager of talents, and the friend of genius: she was always mentioned with gratitude by Mrs. Crouch, as one of her kindest patronesses.

Mr. Cobb presented the public with an elegant and very acceptable new year's-

gift,

gift, The Siege of Belgrade, performed January the *first*, at Drury-lane theatre, in the following manner:—

Col. Cohenberg, Mr. Palmer; Krohnfeldt, Mr. R. Palmer; Leopold, Mr. Bannister, junior; Yuseph, Mr. Suett; Peter, Mr. Dignum; Michael, Mr. Hollingsworth; Seraskier, Mr. Kelly; Anselm, Mr. Cook; Ismael, Mr. Fox; Soldier, Mr. Dubois; — Catherine, Mrs. Crouch; Lilla, Signora Storace; Ghita, Mrs. Bland; Fatima, Miss Hagley.

The music, composed and selected by Storace, is charming. The dresses were new and appropriate, the scenery beautiful. The chief plot is interesting, and the under one very pleasing. The names of the principal performers declare how inimitably it was acted. The fascinating voice and playful manner of Signora Storace are well known, and universally admired; and Mr. Bannister skilfully keeps

up

up the ball of comic humour, both in his songs and dialogue, in every part which he undertakes. Mrs. Bland is perfectly at home in Ghita. Miss Hagley was a pretty figure, and sung sweetly: she was pupil to Mr. Linley, but married and quitted the stage soon after. She appeared upon it, as we believe, the next summer, at Liverpool, where she settled very respectably.

Mrs. Crouch, in Catherine, was uncommonly dignified: never was a serious opera character better supported in every part, particularly in the letter scene, to which she gave an interest never to be forgotten.

Mr. Kelly and Mr. Palmer, in the Seraskier and Cohenberg, were both excellent; but in the run of this favourite piece, one night, when they were fighting with their scimetars, Mr. Palmer left his head so unguarded, that he received a wound

wound on the forehead ; the blood flowed rapidly—Mr. Kelly was extremely terrified, and all the house was in a consternation. Mrs. Crouch bound up the wound, which luckily was not of consequence enough to confine him, although it obliged him to appear for some time with a black patch across his forehead. Poor Palmer was unlucky, he received a desperate blow from the hand of Mrs. Crawford, which was very near proving fatal, and the effects of which he felt for a long time ; this happened when he was performing Dionysius to that lady's Euphrasia, in Murphy's Grecian Daughter.

February the fourth, at Covent Garden theatre, came out the School for Arrogance, a comedy, by Mr. Holcroft, to whom a German drama gave the idea. It was thus represented :

Marquis Villars, Mr. Aickin; Count Conolly Villars, Mr. Lewis; Sir Paul Peckham, Mr.

Mr. Wilson; Edmund Peckham, Mr. Farren; Sir Samuel Sheepy, Mr. Munden; Valet, Mr. Marshall; M'Dermot, Mr. Johnstone;—Lady Peckham, Mrs. Mattocks; Lydia, Miss Brunton; Lucy Peckham, Mrs. Wells.

The comedy was most excellently performed throughout, and obtained universal applause. A very clever prologue was extremely well spoken by Mr. Bernard, in the character of a newsman. The epilogue, alluding to the fashionable follies, was spoken with great effect by Mrs. Mattocks.

At the same theatre, on the sixteenth, was first acted a farce called Two Strings to your Bow. This piece was taken from a Spanish comedy, and performed successfully at Paris; it was translated from the French by Mr. Jephson, and brought out on the Dublin stage with great success; nor did it meet with a more unkind reception from an English audience.

This

This season Mr. Kemble alter'd a comedy called The Rover, written by Mrs. Behn, and named it Love in many Masks. This play came forth, refined by his taste like many others, and was frequently performed with applause.

John Beard, Esq. who had been a celebrated singer at Covent Garden theatre, for many years, expired on the fifth of February, 1791, at his house at Hampton. This gentleman, in his public character, was an honour to the stage; and, in his private life, an honour to mankind. Soon after he appeared on the stage, he married the only daughter of James Earl of Waldegrave, the widow of Colonel Herbert, and nearly related to the Earl of Pembroke; Lady Harriot Beard did not much increase the fortune of her second husband, but as it was a match of love on both sides, they were extremely happy during fourteen years, when death deprived him of her.

 His

His second wife was the widow of Mr. Lane, and a daughter of John Rich, Esq. then patentee of Covent Garden theatre. At the death of Mr. Rich, in right of his wife, Mr. Beard became one of the proprietors of the theatre, but soon sold his share and retired from the stage. In his second marriage, Mr. Beard was not less happy than in his first. For some years previous to his death, his hearing was greatly impaired, yet he endured that affliction, and at times, other disorders far more painful, with the most exemplary resignation. He died in affluent circumstances, leaving three thousand pounds, in legacies, to his various friends, fifty of which was to Mr. Hull, a respectable performer and dramatist; and one hundred to the dramatic fund. The following lines to his memory are too excellent to be omitted in this work.

AN EPITAPH

ON

JOHN BEARD, ESQ.

"Satire, be dumb! nor dream the Scenic art.
Must spoil the morals, and corrupt the heart.

HERE LIES JOHN BEARD!

——Confess, with pensive pause,
His modesty was great as our applause.
Whence had that voice such magic to control!
'Twas but the echo of a well tun'd soul.
Through life, his morals and his music ran
In symphony, and spoke the virtuous man.
Go gentle harmonist! our hopes approve,
To meet, and hear thy sacred songs above;
When taught by thee, the Stage of life well trod,
We rise to raptures round the throne of God."

On the seventeenth of February, that year, the Pantheon, formed into an elegant theatre for Italian operas, opened to a splendid audience, with the favourite opera of Armida, aided by grand dances.

On the twenty-sixth of the same month, was first performed at Covent Garden theatre,

theatre, The Woodman an opera, by the Rev. Henry Bate Dudley. It was thus performed:

Sir Walter Waring, Mr. Quick; Wilford, Mr. Incledon; Captain O'Donnel, Mr. Johnstone; The Woodman, Mr. Bannister, sen. Medley, Mr. Blanchard; Bob the Miller, Mr. Williamson; Filbert, Mr. Cross;—Emily, Madame Pieltain; Miss Di Clacket, Mrs. Webb; Polly, a little girl, Miss Huntley; Bridget, Mrs. Cross; Dolly, Mrs. Martyr.

This favourite opera was composed by Mr. Shield, whose first dramatic composition was The Flitch of Bacon, a very successful piece, written by the same author. The Woodman is very interesting, and the then reigning fashion for female archery is happily introduced and enlivens the piece. The dialogue is light and easy, the poetry, more than a mere vehicle for music; some of the ideas are beautiful: who

who can see a pair of fine eyes without calling to mind a line of one of Johnstone's songs—

"By the stars which her forehead so brilliantly dress."

In short the opera fully deserved the applause it obtained; the composer did justice to the poet, and the singers to both. The opera became a favourite, and many of the airs popular.

Ill health obliging Madame Pieltain to quit the stage, during the run of this opera, the character of Emily was performed, with only time for *one* rehearsal, by Miss Dall, pupil to Mr. Mazzinghi, who did him infinite credit.

March the fourteenth, at the same theatre, came out a farce, by Mr. O'Keeffe called Modern Antiques, or the Merry Mourners, in itself a mere trifle, but so

ably supported by the comic talents of Mr. Quick, and Mrs. Mattocks in the Cockletops; Mr. Munden, Blanchard, and Wilson, in Frank, Joey, and Napkin, that the audience laughed heartily, and were satisfied with their entertainment.

At Covent Garden theatre was also acted, for the first time, April the fifth, a tragedy called Lorenzo, written by Mr. Merry; the principal characters were thus performed; Guzman, Mr. Farren; Fabio, Mr. Harley; Lorenzo, Mr. Holman;—Seraphina Mrs. Pope; and Zoriana, Miss Brunton. The situations gave scope for fine acting, and the performers did them ample justice. The prologue, by Mr. Taylor, was spoken by Mr. Holman. The epilogue, by M. P. Andrews, Esq. was a vehicle for droll humour and skilfully played with, by Mrs. Mattocks.

On the sixteenth of the same month, and at the same theatre, came out the

comedy

comedy of Wild Oats, or The Strolling Gentlemen, by Mr. O'Keeffe. The comedy was thus represented :

Sir George Thunder, Mr. Quick; Harry Thunder, Mr. Holman; Jack Rover, Mr. Lewis; Ephraim Smooth, Mr. Munden; Farmer Gammon, Mr. Cubitt; Banks, Mr. Hull; Simkin, Mr. Blanchard; John Dory, Mr. Wilson;—Lady Amaranth, Mrs. Pope; Amelia, Miss Chapman; Jane, Mrs. Wells.

The prologue, by J. Taylor, Esq. was spoken by Mr. Holman. The epilogue, by George Colman, junior, was spoken by Mrs. Pope. Mr. O'Keeffe had written one, intended to be spoken by the same lady, in the character of Lady Amaranth; both are printed with the comedy, in O'Keeffe's works, and if the beauties of those works should ever be selected, which for the honour of the author's *heart* they ought to be, not a scene of Wild Oats must be

 omitted,

omitted, for it never excites the laugh of mirth without gemming it with the tears of sensibility.

With what repeated bursts of applause was Wild Oats received the first night, by a crowded and brilliant audience! not a character is superfluous, each is either interesting in itself, or tends to heighten the interest of others; the eccentricities of Rover dim not the lustre of his soul; it beams, like the sun between the light clouds which fly over it, with greater brilliancy. Mr. Lewis cannot be excelled in this character, he gives it all the ease and vivacity it requires. Mr. Holman rendered Harry Thunder very interesting. Mr. Quick is quite at home in Sir George, and who can forget the honest, affectionate, John Dory, of poor Wilson, or the natural feelings of a good heart, so well displayed by Blanchard, in Sim? his kind compassion for Banks, his disgust at the idea of oppressing

pressing the poor, his filial spirit in the defence, even of a brutish father, after the natural delight he has expressed at the recollection of Rover's Edgar, and when that spirited defence called forth tears, and these words from Rover, "Though love cool, friendship fall off, brothers divide, subjects rebel, Oh! never let the sacred bond be crack'd 'twixt son and father!' *I* never knew a father's protection, *never* had a father to *protect!*" How well Mr. Lewis speaks this! and with what a feeling look, and manner did Blanchard say, "He's not *acting* now!" How exactly did the respectable Mr. Hull, and the interesting Miss Chapman, personify Banks and Amelia, sensible and amiable beings oppressed by the vulgar brutality of Gammon, who serves as a foil in the piece to give lustre to the gems. Mrs. Wells, in Jane, was a beautiful and simple child of rustic nature. Mr. Munden strictly preserves the stiff for-

mality of friend Ephraim. Smooth, even while leering roguishly at the fair rustic.

Mrs. Pope in Lady Amaranth never appeared to greater advantage; she was the very being, the character required; the serene dignity of her deportment, her mild beneficence, the liberality of her sentiments, made her appear a celestial being who cast a radiance over the scene.

O'Keeffe's dramas in general require so much the aid of comic humour, and stage effect, that, when read out, they afford very little entertainment to the hearers; but the writer of these remarks has tried the merit of Wild Oats, by reading it frequently to persons, who, though well acquainted with dramatic performers, had not seen the play in question, and observed with pleasure, that even deprived of all its theatrical charms, *charms* which will adorn a play continually when *read* by those who have *seen* it, Wild Oats possessed the

power

power in *itself* of exciting the instantaneous laugh, and the tear of sensibility, at those passages most risible, or most affecting in the acting, and many who have seen it only at provincial theatres, inferiorly performed, mention Wild Oats with delight.

The Cave of Trophonius, a musical after-piece by Prince Hoare, Esq. was brought out for the benefit of Mrs. Crouch, but it did not establish its fame with the public like his No Song no Supper.

A new comedy was also brought out, for the benefit of Mrs. Wells, called National Prejudice.

June the fourth, Drury-lane theatre closed with The Country Girl, and No Song no Supper. Mr. Palmer thus addressed the audience. "Ladies and Gentlemen, on the part of the proprietors, manager, and performers, I have to express their gratitude for the extraordinary

support

support with which you have honoured them throughout the whole of this season. When next we have the honour to appear before you on this spot, we trust it will be in a theatre better calculated for your general accommodation, more deserving royal countenance, and the patronage of this great metropolis." No sooner was the pulling down the old theatre, and rebuilding a new one thus announced, than the following paragraph appeared in several news papers. "On Saturday night, of a *gradual decay*, and in the 117th year of her age, died *old Madam Drury*, who lived through *six reigns*, and saw many generations pass in review before her. She remembered "Betterton in age," lived in intimacy with Wilkes, Booth, and Cibber, and knew old Macklin when he was a stripling.

"Her hospitality exceeded that of the English character, even in its early days of

of festivity; having, almost through the whole of her life, entertained from one to two thousand persons of both sexes, six nights out of the seven in the week. She was an excellent poetess; could be *grave* and *gay* by turns, and yet sometimes catching the disorder from *intrusive guests*, could be *dull* enough in all conscience.

"Her *memory* was most excellent, and her *singing* kept in such a gradual state of improvement, that it was allowed her *voice* was better the three or four last years of her life, than when she was in her prime at the latter end of the last century.

"She had a rout of near two thousand people at her house the *very night of her death*; and the old lady found herself in so much spirits, that she said, she would give them 'No Supper' without a 'Song,' which being complied with, she fell gently back

back in her chair, and expired *without* a groan.

"Doctor Palmer, one of her family physicians, attended her in her last moments, and *announced her dissolution* to the company."

In the summer of 1791, Mr. and Mrs. Crouch, and Mr. Kelly, made a tour; the two latter performing at different places with unbounded applause.

So soon after the Theatre Royal in the Hay-market opened, as June the twenty-fifth, came out The Kentish Barons, a play in three acts, interspersed with songs. This drama was written by the Hon. Francis North; the airs were composed by Miss Monck. The principal characters were thus represented:

Mortimer, Mr. Bensley; Clifford, Mr. Johnstone; Bertram, Mr. Aickin; Gam, Mr. Bannister, junior; — Susan, Mrs. Webb;

Webb; Beatrice, Mrs. Taylor; Osbert, a young man, Mrs. Goodall; and Elina, Mrs. Kemble. The serious part of this drama is far superior to the comic; the dialogue of the former is in elegant blank verse, and was ably sustained by the respective performers; the story is extremely interesting. Mrs. Webb, and Mr. Bannister, jun. did what they could for Susan and Gam; but the noble author possesses a genius for tragedy, not for farce. Why did he not, or rather why *does* he not exert that genius in the service of Melpomene? she has not *many* votaries who can equal the specimen of poetical and nervous language which he has given us in the Kentish Barons.

July the ninth, was brought out a comedy of three acts, entitled Next Door Neighbours, taken from L'Indegent of Mercier, and Le Dissapateur of Destouches, and adapted to the English

stag

stage by Mrs. Inchbald, who has skilfully arranged the borrowed materials, and produced a lively and interesting piece; the chief characters were thus represented:

Sir George Splendorville, Mr. Palmer; Charles Blandford, Mr. Palmer, junior; Lucre, Mr. R. Palmer; Blandford, Mr. Aickin; Manley, Mr. S. Kemble; Blackman, Mr. Baddeley; Bluntly, Mr. Bannister, jun.—Lady Caroline, Mrs. Brooks; Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Edwards; Visiting Ladies, Miss Heard, Miss Palmer; Eleanor, Mrs. Kemble.

Both the prologue and epilogue to this comedy were written by T. Vaughan, Esq. the former was spoken by Mr. Bannister, jun. and the latter by Mrs. Kemble, they were compositions of merit, delivered with great effect.

Mrs. Inchbald added to her dramatic fame by Next Door Neighbours, which received deserved applause.

"'Tis

"'Tis true, composing is the *noblest* part,
"But *good* translation is no *easy* art."*

This was the first *new* piece in which Mr. Palmer, junior, performed; he came out that season in the character of the Prince of Wales in Henry the Fourth.

July the thirtieth, came out the Surrender of Calais, a drama, with songs, by Mr. Colman, junior; and was thus performed.

King Henry the Third, Mr. Williamson; Count de Ribemont, Mr. Farren; John de Vienne, Mr. Aickin; Eustace de St. Pierre, Mr. Bensley; O'Carrol, Mr. Johnstone; Burgher of Calais, Mr. Wewitzer; Carpenter and Hangman, Mr. Parsons; Serjeant, Mr. Wilson; La Gloire, Mr. Bannister, jun.—Queen Philippa, Mrs. Goodall; Madelon, Mrs. Bland; Julia, Mrs. Kemble.

* Lord Roscommon.

The

The event in history, on which Mr. Colman has founded this play, afforded him a very interesting subject, and the spirit of Shakespeare has seemed to have inspired him throughout the dialogue and management of the piece. The well-known passage so charmingly animated, gave delight to old and young in every part of the crowded theatre, and the applause was unbounded. The performers were excellent in their respective characters, and Dr. Arnold aided the piece by some very pleasing music; the little Madelon was an engaging being, and rendered her "Jolly Soldier" a popular favourite; in short, the whole performance was a rich entertainment of vocal harmony, comic humour, and noble sentiments. The summer theatre required no other novelty that season.

September the twenty-second, the King's theatre in the Hay-market, then rebuilt, opened

opened under the management of Mr. Kemble, with the Drury-lane company. The performances for the first night were a prelude, written by Mr. Cobb for the occasion, called Poor Old Drury!!! The Haunted Tower, and the Pannel; unluckily the audience, instead of being delighted with the truly magnificent appearance of the new theatre, were extremely dissatisfied, owing to the preparations taking more time than was expected; the doors were not opened at the stated hour, and when the crowd entered the house, they could not find the way to the different places; the prices were raised, the boxes to six shillings, and the pit to three and sixpence; the two shilling gallery was exalted far above any upper gallery seen at an English theatre, and the audience in that part of thehouse found themselves seated like the gods, for there were none above them; all these circumstances combined

to

to raise their displeasure, and the prelude commenced in a storm.

Those favourites of the public, Palmer and Parsons, attempted to address the angry audience, but in vain; the manager was called for; accordingly Mr. Kemble came forward, and obtained a hearing; when he addressed them nearly in these words; "Ladies and Gentlemen, ever since I have had the honour of conducting any part of your amusements, I have considered it my duty to endeavour, as far as possible, to do every thing which I thought could afford you satisfaction, and when I am informed of your present displeasure, I will do all in my power to remove it." A paper was conveyed to him from the pit, stating that the cause of their disapprobation was the delay in opening the doors, and the inconveniency of the passages. Mr. Kemble earnestly assured them that those inconveniencies should

should be remedied on the next evening of performance; and tranquillity was obtained.

The prelude began with some very humourous allusions, by Messrs. Palmer, Parsons, Wewitzer, Bland, &c. to the immense size of the new theatre, compared to their Poor Old Drury!!! and the piece ended with a superb representation of Mount Parnassus, with deities reclining on clouds, Apollo, and the Muses. Mr. Dignum was Apollo; Mr. Sedgwick Mercury;—Mrs. Powell, Melpomene; Mrs. Goodall, Thalia; Miss Collins, Euterpe; and Miss Decamp, Terpsichore. The recitative, airs and choruses were adorned with delightful music by Storace; it concluded with a dance and chorus, and charmed the audience into good humour; they received their favourites in the Haunted Tower

and

and the Pannel, with the warmest applause.

At Covent Garden theatre, October the twentieth, came out a grand pantomime ballet, with songs and choruses, called Oscar and Malvina; the story, taken from Ossian, is peculiarly interesting. It was preceded by a charming overture by Mr. Reeve; the rest of the music was partly new, and partly selected by Shield, and did honour to his taste. The characters were thus represented:

Fingal, the Highland Chief, Mr. Blurton; Oscar, his grandson, Mr. Byrne; Carrol, rival to Oscar, Mr. Follet; Morven, Draco, Squires to Carrol, Mr. Farley, Mr. Cranfield; Dermoth, Squire to Oscar, Mr. King; Pedlar, going to Harvest Home, Mr. Munden: Farmer, Mr. Cubitt; Malvina, betrothed to Oscar, Mademoiselle St. Amand;—Bards and Peasantry, by Mrs. Mountain,

Mountain, Mrs. Martyr, Miss Broadhurst, &c.—Messrs. Darley, Williamson, Marshall, &c.

The scenery was beautiful, the dresses characteristic; the lovers of Ossian felt a kind of enthusiastic rapture when they beheld the guests seated, and the bards arranged in the flower-decked hall of Fingal; when they heard the sweet harmony of the harp and union pipes, and the songs of the bards—they heard, also, the warlike sound of the shield in the Hall of Fingal. Most of the audience felt themselves familiar acquaintance, or rather, happy friends, at the nuptial banquet of Oscar and Malvina, and started, alarmed, at the hostile clang of the shield! they followed the well-known and beloved pair through all their troubles with friendly anxiety, and experienced a transport of joy when they were once more safe and happy.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S

In one scene Oscar leaps from the top of a tower, where he is confined by Carrol, and is dexterously caught upon the shields of his warriors. Many of the situations are peculiarly striking, and the whole was received with enthusiastic applause.

Madame Mara being engaged in the Drury-lane company, the admired opera of Artaxerxes was got up at the Haymarket new theatre that season; Arbaces, Mrs. Crouch; Artabanes, Mr. Kelly; Artaxerxes, Mr. Dignum;—Semira, Mrs. Bland; and Mandane, Madame Mara; for whom the celebrated Peter Pindar, Esq.* wrote the following elegant words, which she introduced to a favourite air from the Italian opera of Idalide.

"Hope, whisper'd a flattering tale,
That joy to my heart would return,
That my pray'r would be heard, and prevail,
But Love is still destin'd to mourn!

* Doctor Walcot.

"Say

"Say, where is the flatterer gone?
Her voice, ah! no longer I hear!
Now her smile from Mandane is flown,
My all is the sigh and the tear!

"Ah! then to ev'ry bliss adieu!
The dream of happy love is o'er!
That form, when I no longer view,
Fate frowns, and life can charm no more!"

Madam Mara captivated in the airs and recitative of Mandane. Semira is not a character suited to Mrs. Bland, but she sung the songs charmingly; so did Mr. Dignum those of Artaxerxes. Mr. Kelly's Artabanes was altogether excellent, and Mrs. Crouch was equally excellent in Arbaces, but she certainly was too delicately beautiful to personate a male character. The opera was greatly applauded.

The dramatic romance of Cymon was also got up in a superb style at the same theatre. Mr. Kelly, Cymon; Mrs. Crouch,

 Urganda;

Urganda; in order that Miss Hagley might perform the part of Silvia. The procession was rendered extremely grand, several live horses were introduced in it with good effect, and the scenery throughout was splendid and well managed; in short, Garrick's Cymon established a new fame by being exhibited on that spacious stage.

For the conveniency of being near the theatre, Mrs. Crouch had lodgings in Pall Mall, near St. Alban's-street. We think it was much about that time Mr. and Mrs. Crouch parted by mutual consent. Their separation caused many false reports concerning them both, but the *true* reason was certainly confined within their own bosoms, *strangers* were not in their confidence, and their acquaintance were too delicate to make it the subject of their conversation or enquiries. A just and satisfactory division was made of their

pro-

property when the articles of separation were drawn up, and mutual indifference was supposed to be the sole cause for such an arrangement.

November the fifth, at Covent Garden theatre was performed, for the first time, Notoriety, a comedy, by Frederic Reynolds, Esq. and thus represented.

Nominal, Mr. Lewis; Sir Andrew Acid, Mr. Wilson; Colonel Hubbub, Mr. Quick; O'Whack, Mr. Johnstone; Clairville, Mr. Farren; Saunter, Mr. Davies; Lord Jargon, Mr. Munden.—Lady Acid, Mrs. Webb; Sophia Strangeway, Mrs. Wells; Honoria, Mrs. Esten.

Mr. Farren spoke the prologue, which was a very good one, with great effect, and Mr. Lewis gave brilliancy to a very humourous critique on fashionable fopperies, ably sustained by the joint endeavours of Andrews and Topham, who had so frequently, singly, and combined,

 amused

amused the town with their witty productions. The comedy was exceedingly well performed. Mr. Johnstone introduced a new song, in the Irish style, in the third act, which was loudly encored and applauded. This comedy was the first *new* piece in which Mrs. Esten performed; she is a very lovely woman, and was a promising actress; she is daughter to Mrs. Bennet, author of many very entertaining and popular novels. Notoriety obtained much applause from a crowded theatre.

December the third, at the same theatre, came out a drama called A Day in Turkey, or the Russian Slave, by Mrs. Cowley. This piece was interspersed with songs. It was thus represented:

The Bashaw Ibrahim, Mr. Holman; Selim, Mr. Incledon; Mustapha, Mr. Munden; Orloff, Mr. Farren; A la Greque, Mr. Fawcet;—Floretta, Mrs. Mattocks; Fatima, Mrs. Martyr; Paulina, Mrs. Esten; Alexina, Mrs. Pope.

This

This play, though well supported by the performers, was not so successful as many of Mrs. Cowley's former productions. *The Day in Turkey* was soon *clouded.* Mrs. Esten looked charmingly, and sung her songs very agreeably. This lady was soon taken off the stage, to which she would certainly have been an acquisition. The prologue to The Day in Turkey was spoken by Mr. Harley; and the epilogue, written by Mrs. Cowley, was spoken by Mrs. Pope: it contained an elegant compliment to their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, then just married, which obtained great applause.

It should have been mentioned between the two last-named performances, that an interlude, composed of singing and dancing, called The Prussian Festival, was brought out at Covent Garden theatre, in honour of the Royal nuptials, and received with the warmest applause by the audience.

At the same theatre was also got up, for the holidays, a pantomime, called Blue Beard, or the Flight of Harlequin, which gave infinite entertainment to the younger part of the spectators. The music was the composition of Mr. Baumgarton, then leader of the band at that theatre. The machinery of the pantomime was excellently managed. Mr. Munden, in Tippy Bob, sung his song with his accustomed drollery, and kept the house in a roar of laughter and applause.

About this time the favourite opera of The Woodman was frequently performed, with the great addition of Mrs. Billington in Emily, for whom Mr. Bate Dudley, author of the opera, wrote a new song, which was composed to suit her fine voice, and obtained deserved applause. The words of that charming rondeau are as follow:—

"Court

"Court me not to scenes of pleasure,
This fond heart no more must know;
Can it beat to Mirth's gay measure,
All it's strings attun'd to woe?

"No! the mind, by hope forsaken,
But of sorrow seeks relief;
Joy no transport can awaken,
Sighs must number out its grief."

Mrs. Billington, and Mr. Incledon also, enriched the opera by introducing the beautiful duet, "Together let us range the fields," from Moore's Serenata of Solomon, composed by Dr. Boyce, which they sung with uncommon applause.

In January, 1792, came out, at Covent Garden theatre also, an opera, intitled The Magician no Conjuror, by Mr. Merry, and many of the airs possess the flowing numbers of Della Crusca. The principal male characters were personified by Incledon, Munden, Wilson, Fawcett, Blanchard, and Quick: the females by Mountain, Martyr, Webb, and Billing-

 ton.

ton. Yet the Magician, indeed, *proved* himself *no Conjuror*, for he had not even power to *charm* in his *circle*.

At the same theatre, early in February, was first performed, The Road to Ruin, a comedy, by Mr. Holcroft, who, to take nearly the words of a dramatic critic, in speaking of this play, " Inculcates lessons of morality, lashes vice, and strengthens virtue :" and justly did the performers enforce his lessons. What a Harry Dornton was Holman! and the paternal anger and affection of Munden, in Old Dornton, is inexpressibly affecting. Mr. Lewis can never be excelled in Goldfinch. What an engaging child of nature was Mrs. Merry in Sophia! The Widow Warren was *written* for Mrs. Mattocks, and she does justice to the character. Quick, Wilson, Harley, and Mrs. Harlowe, were all excellent in their respective characters; and both the author and the performers

were

were well rewarded by the applauses of a delighted audience, with whom the comedy is a durable treasure. A very whimsical prologue, in prosaic rhyme, was was spoken with much humour by Mr. Fawcett, then almost a stranger on the London boards. The epilogue, a serious one, was ably spoken by Mrs. Mattocks, as herself.

Soon after, Mr. Merry married Miss Brunton: he deprived the stage of that charming young actress, who accompanied him first to France, and afterwards to America, where death deprived her of her husband. There has been some talk of her returning to England; but she is so much admired and respected in that part of the globe, that, perhaps, they will not spare her to us. When Mrs. Merry quitted the stage, Mrs. Mountain succeeded her in the character of Sophia in the Road to to Ruin, and introduced a song.

April the nineteenth, at the new theatre, Hay-market, was first performed, The Fugitive, a comedy, written by J. Richardson, Esq. one of the proprietors of Drury-lane theatre. The Fugitive was thus excellently represented:—

Sir William Windgrove, Mr. Bensley; Mr. Windgrove, Mr. Wroughton; Mr. Welford, Mr. Barrymore; Admiral Montague, Mr. King; Mr. Manly, Mr. Parsons; Harry Manly, Mr. Palmer; Lord Dartford, Mr. Dodd; Larron, Mr. Wewitzer;—Miss Herbert, Miss Farren; Julia Windgrove, Mrs. Jordan; Mrs. Larron, Miss Pope; Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Ward; Mrs. Manly, Mrs. Hopkins; Miss Manly, Mrs. Kemble.

A prologue, that did honour to the Muse of Mr. Tickel, was spoken by Mr. Bannister, junior, who lost none of its merit. The epilogue equally graced the Muse of Burgoyne, and Mrs. Jordan rendered it fascinating.

The

The immense theatre was crowded in every part, and the comedy obtained universal approbation and applause.

Among several after-pieces which came out at that time may be mentioned The Village Coquette, taken from the French by Mr. Simons, a gentleman nearly related to several noble families in Ireland. This elegant trifle was performed for Mrs. Jordan's benefit, and *she* was the Village Coquette; sung two charming airs, one with, and one without music, and gave all the variety of the character in her most fascinating manner. A Rural Breakfast, or Festino, exactly imitating that given by the Hon. Mrs. Hobart at Sans Souci, was introduced, and had a fine effect, the scenery being new and elegant. The music, by Signor Nicolai, was much applauded, and the Village Coquette attracted universal admiration.

Mrs. Mattocks also brought out a new farce

farce for her benefit, called The Intrigues of a Morning, or an Hour in Paris, written by Mrs. Parsons, author of several popular novels. Messrs. Munden, Quick, Fawcett, Wilson, Macready, Miss Chapman, and Mrs. Mattocks, excellently supported their respective characters. The piece was whimsical, and well received.

Previous to these dramas were acted, Orpheus and Eurydice, a serious opera, translated from the Italian, by Mr. Francis Gentleman, for Mrs. Billington's benefit. The Mermaid, by A. Franklin, Esq. for Mrs. Pope's benefit. A new pantomime, for Mr. Palmer's, called The American Heroine. The Swindlers, by Mr. Baddeley, for his own benefit; and a dramatic romance, intitled Zelma; or the Will O'the Wisp, translated from the German, by Mr. Meyers, miniature painter, and after his death adapted to the stage by Mr. Hayley, who recommended it to the manager

nager of Covent Garden theatre, by whom it was brought out, with very liberal decorations, for the benefit of Mr. Meyers' family. Madame Carnavale, widow to the deputy manager of the Opera House, performed Zelma, for the first time of her appearance on the English stage, and obtained considerable applause. Miss Chapman was Nerimana, an Enchantress, and Mrs. Martyr, Barbara. Messrs. Incledon and Munden were the principal actors.

May the twenty-third, at the New Theatre, came out Dido, Queen of Carthage, an opera, written by Prince Hoare, Esq. and composed by Storace, who partly selected the music from some of the first Italian masters, whose names are to the songs. A grand masque of Neptune's Prophesy was introduced in the opera. The characters were thus performed:—Æneas, Mrs. Crouch; Iarbas, Mr. Kelly; Abdalla, Mr. Dignum; Almidah, Mr. Sedg-

 wick;

wick; Neptune, Mr. Bannister, senior; Ascanius, Master Walsh; Venus, Miss Collins; Anna, Miss Barclay; and Dido, Madame Mara. The opera is from Metastasio.

The scenery was peculiarly superb; and, in point of music, this piece had every advantage of an Italian opera, with this addition, that it was excellently performed in *all* the parts. It was received with deserved applause by a very brilliant and crowded audience.

The following lines, written by a female, may be introduced with propriety in this place; they were sent to the Thespian Magazine, a publication which expired almost as soon as it existed, and some person belonging to it chose to add two syllables to each of the eight first lines; and the author, to her great surprise, beheld the poem in print with those *make weight* syllables, for the sake of *regularity*, when

she

she *chose* to make the fair goddess speak in a style superior to the prefaratory lines. It is, of course, inserted *here*, as it was originally *written*.

ON MRS. CROUCH, IN THE CHARACTER OF ÆNEAS.

" Clad like a modern courtly dame,
From Paphos isle fair Venus came;
To view her glorious son once more,
Leave Carthage and the Lybian shore;
Cold to the love-devoted queen,
Whose woes inspir'd the mimic scene.
'Alas!' the Cyprian goddess cry'd,
With all a partial mother's pride,
'Who dares assume his more than mortal charms,
His awful brow, so terrible in arms?
What dauntless hero *now* has strength to wield
Æneas' spear, or bear his pond'rous shield?'
As thus she spoke, loud martial notes proclaim
The man, whose prowess won immortal fame.
'Oh! father Jove!' the Queen of Beauty cries,
'What form effeminate insults mine eyes?
Is *this* the warrior tuneful Maro sung!
While I, enraptur'd, bless'd the poet's tongue?

That

That slender frame, and smooth, unbearded chin,
Those ruby lips, soft eyes, and silken skin;
That voice, which emulates celestial song,
Could *they* to *brave* ÆNEAS e'er belong?
Could those weak shoulders, too, with filial care,
The sacred load of great Anchises bear?
Oh, no! 'tis jealous Vulcan's envious deed,
Who, like my son, has dress'd thy Ganymede!—
Recal, dread Sire!—recal thy lovely page;
His *false* appearance will deceive the age!
How can that form in warlike habit shine,
Which, in the *female* garb, resembles *mine?*"

No other new piece came out that season at either theatre, unless it was a farce, called The Irishman in London, by Mr. Macready, which we believe was performed, about this time, for Mr. Johnstone's benefit, at Covent Garden theatre.

During that season, Mrs. Crouch very frequently, on those nights when the singers were disengaged, had concerts at her abode in Pall Mall, which were reckoned very

very charming, and chiefly consisted of airs, catches, and glees. Besides herself and Mr. Kelly, Messrs. Johnstone, Dignum, and Sedgwick, Signora Storace, Mrs. Bland, and we believe, occasionally, Madame Mara and Mrs. Billington, these vocal feasts were nobly and royally attended. The Prince of Wales sometimes honoured them with his presence; and Mrs. Crouch, not finding her lodgings in Pall Mall sufficiently commodious for those entertainments, she took a house near Berkley-square, but soon relinquished that situation for one nearer the theatre, as she generally dined too late to permit of her being at any great distance when she played in a first piece; she therefore took a house in Suffolk-street, Hay-market, which she found much more convenient.

In that period of Mrs. Crouch's life, so many false reports were raised, that if

they had been selected from the periodical prints and other publications, and also from the lips of scandal-*makers* and scandal-*bearers*, they would make a volume, perhaps, more agreeable to the taste of *some* people than any *truths* contained in this work, which was not intended for a *scandalous* chronicle.

It has been already mentioned, that the Prince of Wales patronized Mr. Kelly from his first arrival in England, and his Royal Highness still continues to patronize him. He also honoured Mrs. Crouch with public marks of respect wherever he saw her; and who can be so illiberal as to think it derogatory to the dignity, even of the heir apparent, to pay respect to those whose fine talents have afforded them entertainment in public; nor is it so unprecedented for royalty to reward superior talents, either in *this* or in other nations, that presents suitable to their

rank,

rank, bestowed on public characters, should render Princes, or Monarchs, themes of idle, or scandalous tales; *tales* which envy invents, and scandal publishes.

In the Summer of 1792, we believe Mrs. Crouch and Mr. Kelly went to Ireland. Captain Horrebow not having the success in Bengal which he expected, Mrs. Horrebow engaged herself at the theatre in Calcutta, for first rate comic characters, in which she succeeded so well, that she was called the Jordan of the East; and has her portrait, a full length, in the character of Thalia, in the Green Room of the theatre; and certainly then in the bloom of her beauty, her face was adorned with

———————— "Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to dwell in dimples sleek."

She was much admired, and her benefits evinced oriental liberality. Mrs. Crouch felt

felt great pleasure at hearing of her sister's success in India; she was happy, also, at seeing her little nephew, Petèr Horrebow, grow a fine boy, able to amuse her father, to whom she had sent him that summer. Mr. Phillips was at Broad-stairs.

As the following lines do honour to the memory of a very celebrated singer, and also to the writer, a well known Dramatist, they will not be deemed superfluous in these volumes. They were engraved on a tree, by M. P. Andrews, Esq.

" Catley, the once fam'd syren of the stage,
Melodious heroine of a former age;
Her labours o'er, here fix'd her glad retreat,
These her lov'd fields, and this her fav'rite seat;
Hither at early dawn she bent her way,
To mark the progress of the new-mown hay;
Partook the toil, join'd gaily in the throng,
And often cheer'd the rustics with a song;
Nor with a song alone; her liberal heart,
In all their little sorrows bore a part;
And as they simply told their tale of grief,
Her head gave counsel, and her hand relief.

Let

Let not the wedded dame, who wanders here,
Disdain o'er Catley's turf to shed a tear;
Nor the fond virgin, shelter'd by this tree,
Withhold the drop of sensibility;
What tho' stern Hymen may no sanction give,
In Nature's tenderest page the tear shall live.
An anxious parent, to her offspring just,
True to her promise, sacred to her trust,
Firm in her friendship, faithful in her love—
Who will the mourn'd resemblance disapprove?"

It was strongly believed that Anne Catley died the *wife* of General Lascelles, by whom she had many children, although, for family reasons, the marriage had been concealed. She was celebrated in her private character for being a tender mother to her children, and a benevolent friend to the poor. In her public character she was not only a fine singer, and a beautiful woman, but also an excellent comic actress in Burlettas; yet she was reckoned an interesting Leonora in the Padlock, and

a dignified

a dignified leader of the choruses in Mason's Elfrida; when that play was got up for the beautiful Mrs. Hartley, who played Elfrida. Miss Catley was also reckoned an inimitable Euphrosyne. She retired from the stage in 1784, and died in 1789.

June the fifteenth, 1782, Mr. Colman, junior, opened the summer theatre with a new prelude, written by himself, called Poor Old Hay-market! or Two Sides of the Gutter; which was well performed, and very smartly alluded to the inconveniency of immense theatres, in which beauty could scarcely be distinguished, or wit heard. This little piece met with great applause.

On the thirtieth of the same month, came out a farce called Young Men and Old Women, taken from a French piece, Le Mechant, by Mrs. Inchbald. The characters were extremely well acted; but the

the farce is not equal in merit to many of that lady's former productions.

This farce was followed by a drama of one act, called All in Good Humour; but, unluckily, the first night, the audience were not *all* in *good* humour; however, the piece underwent some judicious alterations, and was then received with approbation.

July the twenty-fifth was first performed The Enchanted Wood, a legendary drama of three acts, by Mr. Francis. The story is taken from Parnell's Fairy Tale. Julian, *Edwin*, was performed by Mr. Palmer; Ethelred, *Sir Topaz*, Mr. R. Palmer; Una, *Edith*, Mrs. Kemble. Mr. Bannister, junior, was Owen, a droll character; and Mrs. Webb was his wife Bridget. The Fairies were performed by Messrs. Bannister, senior, Bensley, and Master Greigson; Mrs. Bland, Miss S. D'Egville,

D'Egville, Mrs. Taylor, and Miss Decamp.

August twenty-third came out a comedy, translated from the French, called Cross Partners. A prologue, written by Mr. Colman, jun. and spoken by Mr. Palmer, announced the comedy to be the first production of a lady. The epilogue, also by the young manager, was spoken by Mrs. Goodall. King, Palmer, Mrs. Goodall, the lively Fontenelle, and Mrs. Webb, sustained their characters with great spirit.

The last new piece that summer was a farce, by the Rev. Mr. Rose, called The Family Compact, in the reception of which the house seemed divided.

The interesting Mrs. Bannister took her leave of the stage, September the fifth, with the following address:—

"Painful the task, for me, which must ensue!
My heart is grateful, yet 'tis aching too,
While I step forth, to bid you all—adieu!

Full

Full sixteen summers now have roll'd away,
Since on these boards I made my first essay.
Here first your favour I aspir'd to court;—
Met my fond wish—and kept it—*your support!*
Trembling I came—by partial favour cheer'd,
My doubts dispers'd, and I no longer fear'd.
Approv'd by you, I thought my trials past—
But the severest trial comes at last!
"Farewell! my best protectors, patrons, friends!
To-night my labour in your service ends.
Ah, oh! if faintly now the voice reveals
Those struggling movements which the bosom feels,
Let the big drops, that glisten in mine eyes,
Express that sense the fault'ring tongue denies!
As oft retir'd, unruffled and serene,
I ponder o'er the past and busy scene—
So oft shall mem'ry pay the tribute due,
Warm from the heart, to gratitude and you."

The public felt sincere regret at Mrs. Bannister's very early retirement from the stage, although they applauded the maternal motives which drew her from it to her happy home, adorned by a lovely offspring, who required all her attention.

 On

On the fifteenth, after playing Lingo, Mr. Bannister, junior, spoke the following address on closing the theatre for that season:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, as we are now to take leave of you for the season, I am appointed to express the sentiments of the manager, and to assure you, that he feels, in the warmest manner, the liberal patronage he has received: he knows he cannot vie with his managerical brethren in buildings, yet he will never be found inferior to them in gratitude and exertions; and if, after a winter's accommodation in their palaces, you should be content to honour his cottage, he flatters himself that you will neither find him nor his fellow-labourers wanting in their endeavours to secure your entertainment. I am again, ladies and gentlemen, to thank you for the performers, and doubly to thank you from *Lingo*."

Previous

Previous to the opening of the winter theatres, Mrs. Crouch and Mr. Kelly returned to their house in Suffolk-street; where they continued to enjoy their musical parties occasionally, when the singers were not engaged too late in their professional duties.

During the summer, Covent Garden theatre had undergone such alterations and improvements, that it might with justice have been called a new theatre; and in consequence of the sum, five and twenty thousand pounds, which Mr. Harris had expended in order to render it more elegant, and in every respect more commodious for the reception of the public, he followed the example of the Drury-lane managers, and raised the prices to their present standard.

A prelude, written for the occasion by Mr. Cumberland, The Road to Ruin, and The Irishman in London, were announced

for the first evening; but when the curtain drew up, a part of an immense audience made such a clamour with "Off, off, off!" that not a word of the prelude could be heard. With difficulty Mr. Lewis obtained leave to say—"I beg leave only to ask what is your pleasure?"—"No rise of prices!" was answered from the pit, and papers were handed to him. Two acts of the Road to Ruin were *acted*, but not a word was *heard;* the acting manager was repeatedly called upon to address the house, which at last he did as follows—"Ladies and gentlemen, let me intreat to be heard for one moment: I am authorised to address you from the proprietor of the theatre. He has too great an opinion of your liberality—he knows you will not suffer *ruin* to attend his endeavours for your accommodation. In regard to a *one shilling gallery*, I am authorised to say, that as soon as the archi-

architect can carry it into execution, you you shall have it." This assurance was received with a mixture of discontent and applause. The play went on, but the *audience* only were *heard.*

When Mr. Lewis had made his bow, as Goldfinch, he came forward, once more, as the acting manager, and spoke thus—"I once more beg leave to assure you of the manager's ardent wishes to comply with your commands. I have already had the honour to assure you that a *gallery* shall be *erected.*"—"*No* gallery!"—"A *gallery!*" interrupted the speech for some time: at length he proceeded—"I have farther *most solemnly* to *assure you,* that in any thing short of *total ruin* the manager would be happy to accord with your wishes; but *short* of *advanced prices* it is *impossible* to *open this theatre.*"

The Irishman in London began, the

[library stamp]

uproar continued, and he might justly have exclaimed—

"Och! bother a nouns! What a hubbubbaboo! Arrah now what signifies my speaking if you won't be after hearing me at all at all?"

Although it appeared that a great majority was on the manager's side, yet the storm ceased not until the conclusion of the performances.

The second night began with a disturbance, but it was soon quieted; and the third was peaceable throughout, owing perhaps to the promise of a one shilling gallery in the public papers, to be opened October the first.

October the eighteenth, at the New Theatre, Hay-market, came out a musical romance, called The Prisoner; the subject from a German novel, and not uninteresting. The music, by Mr. Atwood,

wood, is extremely pleasing, and the singers gave it every advantage. The piece was thus performed:—

Marcos, Mr. Kelly; Bernardo, Mr. Dignum; Pasqual, Mr. Sedgwick; Roberto, Mr. Suett; Gaoler, Mr. Wewitzer; Narcisso, Master Walsh;—Clara, Mrs. Crouch; Nina, Mrs. Bland; Theresa, Miss Decamp; Juliana, Miss Menage.

Mrs. Crouch sung a very pathetic ballad, "Poor Carlos su'd a beauteous maid," with the most affecting expression, and was loudly encored and applauded. Master Walsh sung his airs delightfully. Mr. Kelly had two songs, which he sung with great effect: "Despair around my head," and "Goddess of Liberty, my soul inspire!" Miss Decamp evinced rapid improvement in every character she performed. Mrs. Bland was an engaging Nina; and the little Menage was a child of promise in Juliana. Mr. Dig-

num and the rest had not much either to sing or to say, but they made the most of what was given to them; and the *Prisoner* was not *condemned*, but *acquitted* with *honour*. This agreeable romance was written by the Rev. Mr. Rose.

At Covent Garden theatre, on the twenty-seventh of the same month, Just in Time, an opera, by Mr. Hurlstone, which had been performed in the spring for Mr. Munden's benefit with success, was brought out by the manager. It had been judiciously altered, and was again very favourably received. The performers did great justice to the author of the words, and to the composer of the music, Mr. Carter, who added greatly to his credit by the taste he displayed in this composition, which received deserved applause.

At the same theatre, November the third, was first acted Hertford Bridge, or the

the Skirts of the Camp, a comic opera, by Mr. Pearce. The music, partly selected and partly original, by Mr. Shield. The opera was extremely well performed by Messrs. Munden, Quick, Fawcett, Blanchard, Macready, and Incledon;—Mrs. Clendining, her first appearance; Mrs. Harlowe, and Mrs. Cross. The scenery was new and appropriate, and the whole of the performance gave great satisfaction to the public, with whom it is still a favourite.

On the twenty-first, at the Hay-market *new* theatre, came out The Pirates, an opera, by Mr. Cobb: the music by Storace. Messrs. Kelly, Dignum, Sedgwick, Suett, and Bannister, junior, were the principal male performers; the female, Mrs. Crouch, Miss Decamp, Mrs. Bland, and Signora Storace. The scenery, by Mr. Greenwood, was beautiful, particu-

larly Portici, Virgil's tomb, and Mount Vesuvius. The story is interesting, enlivened by comic humour and delightful music. The managers spared no expence in the decorations of the opera, and the performers did ample justice to their respective characters. The audience, grateful for such a combination of abilities exerted for their entertainment, received the opera with warm and universal applause.

At Covent Garden, December the first, was brought out Columbus, or a World Discovered, an historical play, by Mr. Morton. It was thus excellently represented:—

Columbus, Mr. Pope; Alonzo, Mr. Holman; Herbert, Mr. Lewis; Bribon, Mr. Munden; Dolorus, Mr. Quick; Alonzo, Mr. Macready; Valverdo, Mr. Thomson; Captain, Mr. Farley.—Indians: Oro-

Orozimbo, Mr. Farren; Solasco, Mr. Harley; Cora, Mrs. Pope; Nelti, Mrs. Esten.

Columbus possessed every attraction that excellent acting and fine writing could give it; and the attention and liberality of the manager adorned it with magnificence. Many of the scenes were peculiarly striking: the destruction of the temple, the eruption of the volcano, and the storm, were awfully grand. A prologue by W.T. Fitzgerald, Esq. was spoken with energy by Mr. Holman; and Mrs. Pope spoke an epilogue, evidently written by M. P. Andrews, Esq. for Mrs. Mattocks.

January the twenty-fourth, 1793, there was *not any play performed* at the new theatre, Hay-market, in respect to the memory of the amiable and unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth, King of France, of whose untimely and unmerited death, by

the fatal guillotine, tidings arrived that morning. This sacrilegious event took place at ten o'clock in the morning, January the twenty-first, to the disgrace of France—*France*, who, until the revolution in that kingdom, had invariably and violently condemned England for the *inhuman murder* of her King Charles the First!

How has the closing of the theatre for *that* night introduced one of the most dreadful tragic deeds ever performed in the *world's* great *theatre* among fictitious dramas!

On the twenty-ninth, at Covent Garden theatre, was first acted, Every One has his Faults, a tragi-comedy, by Mrs. Inchbald, and thus represented :—

Sir R. Ramble, Mr. Lewis; Lord Norland, Mr. Farren; Harmony, Mr. Munden; Placid, Mr. Fawcett; Capt. Irvin, Mr. Pope; Solus, Mr. Quick; Young

Irvin,

Irvin, Miss Grist;—Lady C. Irvin, Mrs. Pope; Miss Spinster, Mrs. Webb; Miss Wooburn, Mrs. Esten; Mrs. Placid, Mrs. Mattocks.

The serious part of this play is extremely interesting, and the comic very pleasing: it was received throughout with the plaudits due to the author and the performers. The prologue was written by the Rev. Mr. Nares, and spoken by Mr. Farren; the epilogue, by M. P. Andrews, Esq. possessed much humour, and was excellently *acted* by Mrs. Mattocks in the comic part; she also spoke the concluding lines, which honour the writer, with propriety and feeling.

At the same theatre, February the twenty-fifth, came out The Midnight Wanderers, a musical after-piece, by Mr. Pearce; composed by Mr. Shield, who did justice to the piece, which was well performed, and received with applause.

On

On the same evening, at the Haymarket, came out a comedy, called Anna, by a young lady; patronized by Mrs. Jordan, the *Anna* of the comedy, which was exceedingly well performed throughout. Mr. Palmer spoke the prologue, Mrs. Jordan the epilogue, and, as usual, captivated her hearers.

March the seventh, at the same theatre, was first performed Osmyn and Daraxa, an opera, written by James Boaden, Esq. and composed by Mr. Atwood. Mrs. Crouch, Mrs. Bland, and Miss Decamp, supported the female characters. Messrs. Barrymore, Dignum, Sedgwick, Suett, and Bannister, junior, were the principal male performers. The fable is interesting, and full of business; the music appropriate and beautiful; the scene lies in Seville, and the personages are Spaniards and Moors. The opera was greatly applauded.

March

March the eleventh, at the same theatre, was first performed a musical farce, called The Prize, or 2, 5, 3, 8, by Prince Hoare, Esq. the music by Storace. It was written and brought out for Signora Storace's benefit, and has been a valuable *prize* to the theatre ever since.

A pantomime ballet, composed by Mr. Byrne, was first performed, the same evening, at Covent Garden, called The Governor, or Creolian Insurrection. Messrs. Byrne, Follett, Farley, Master Menage, Miss Smith, and Madame Rossi, were the dancers. The ballet was applauded.

For the benefit of Mrs. Siddons, on the eighteenth, was acted, for the first time, The Rival Sisters, a tragedy, by Arthur Murphy, Esq. It was represented at the new theatre, Hay-market, as follows:—

Periander, Mr. Wroughton; Theseus, Mr. Palmer; Arcon, Mr. Packer; Peri-

thous,

thous, Mr. Kemble; Ariadne, Mrs. Siddons; Phædra, Mrs. Powell.

The prologue, short and good, written by Mr. Kemble, and spoken by Mr. Wroughton, after mentioning Minos, thus proceeded:—

"Hail, holy Sage! who taught licentious man
To find his *freedom* where the *laws* began;
Whose fame in arms, redoubted from afar,
From thy own shores deter'd invasive war—
While thy mild genius o'er a prosp'rous isle
Gave ev'ry good and ev'ry grace to smile;
'Till thine to all thy subjects were as dear,
As George's virtues to his Britons *here*."

The epilogue was spoken by Mrs. Siddons, who, after saying, that according to the usual flippant strain of epilogues, she "should play the mimic, and lampoon the city," continued thus:—

"Far

"Far other motives bid me now appear;
Far other sentiments are struggling *here:*
I come to view this circle fair and bright,
And thank you for each tear you've shed to-night;
The tear, that gives the soft endearing grace;
Virtue's cosmetic for the loveliest face;
That shows the features in their genuine hue—
Like roses blushing thro' the morning dew."

Then, after alluding to the fashionable vices of the "lords of the creation," she thus addressed them:—

"But now the times a nobler plea may yield—
A war invites you—arm, and take the field.
The sons of France would fain subvert our laws;
Go forth the champions of your country's cause.
Behold the bright example of the day;
Go—where our Royal Frederic leads the way:
So Albion's liberties shall better stand,
And KING, and LORDS, and COMMONS, guard the land."

The Rival Sisters had been printed with Murphy's works long before it appeared on

on the stage; and the epilogue was written for it by Mr. Vaughan, but much altered and compressed for speaking, though the sense of the original was nearly preserved.

The twenty-third, Mr. Lewis's benefit, was performed a new interlude, called The Relief of Williamstadt; and he spoke a very pleasant occasional address in his most sprightly manner.

April the third, at the new theatre, Hay-market, came out False Colours, a comedy, written by Edward Morris, Esq. Miss Farren, Mrs. Goodall, and Miss Pope, were the three female characters; and King, Suett, Wewitzer, Wroughton, Barrymore, R. Palmer, and Bannister, junior, well sustained their parts in the comedy, which was received with applause. The prologue was written by Charles Morris, Esq. and spoken by Mr. Wroughton with great feeling, for *that*

some

some of the lines required. The epilogue, by G. Colman, junior, Esq. was charmingly spoken by Miss Farren.

At Covent Garden, on the fourth, was first acted, The Armourer, a comic opera, by Mr. Cumberland, and composed by an *amateur*, Capt. Warner. This opera, though extremely well performed, and received with applause, existed but three nights on the stage. The music was fine in many parts, but was too much in the oratorio style, in general, for a comic piece; and the original plot of the opera had been greatly weakened by a material alteration, which Mr. Cumberland was obliged to make in compliance to the licencer, who thought, no doubt, that it was dangerous to exhibit even the *shadow* of an insurrection, when a neighbouring kingdom was suffering so severely from the fatal *reality*. Yet, surely, the spirited manner in which Wat Tyler and his adherents

herents are overcome, is more likely to improve than to corrupt the minds of Britons; they would have loudly applauded the spirit of Walworth, who, instead of running away, panic-struck, at the sight of a lawless mob, boldly stood forth in defence of his King and Country, and slew the ringleader.

The eighteenth, at Covent Garden theatre, came out the comedy of How to Grow Rich, written by F. Reynolds, Esq. It is full of business, lively and entertaining, and had every justice done to it by Mr. and Mrs. Pope, Miss Chapman, and Messrs. Munden, Quick, Fawcett, and Lewis. An elegant prologue, written by W. T. Fitzgerald, Esq. was energetically spoken by Mr. Pope. The epilogue gave Mr. Lewis full scope to sport with the *follies* of fashion. The whole was applauded.

A musical farce, called Money at a Pinch;

Pinch; or The Irishman's Frolick, by Mr. Horatio Robson, was performed for Mr. Johnstone's benefit, on the tenth at Covent Garden.

For Mr. Munden's benefit, at the same theatre, May the third, was performed a new interlude, To Arms! or The British Recruit.

A musical farce called Fortune's Wheel was brought out at the new theatre, Haymarket, on the fourth, for Mr. Bannister's benefit.

At the same theatre, on the tenth, for Mr. Sedgwick's benefit, was performed a new musical entertainment entitled The Mariners, by Mr Birch, the *first* of his dramatic works, and the merit it possessed made it be considered as a piece of great promise and obtained universal applause. Messrs. Sedgwick, Dignum, Bland, Suett, and Bannister, junior, were the principal actors. Miss Decamp and Master Walsh, were

were Sea-boys, Mrs. Crouch was Sophia, the heroine of the interesting tale.

On the eleventh, at Covent Garden, came out a little musical piece called Sprigs of Laurel, written by Mr. O'Keeffe, expressly for the purpose of introducing some pretty compliments to the Duke of York; it is printed with his works, and is thus dedicated to the Queen.

" TO HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY THE QUEEN,

" As a small tribute of congratulation, on the patriotic ardour displayed by her Majesty's illustrious son, his Royal Highness Frederick Duke of York, the brilliant example he has set to the British troops of military skill, bravery and humanity, evincing that he will prove the defender of his country,

" This opera is, with all possible humi-

lity,

ity, laid at her feet, by her Majesty's faithful servant,

"And dutiful subject,

"THE AUTHOR."

Brompton,
April 6th, 1793.

It is said that this opera is founded on some real acts of military ardour which took place previous to the embarkation of the troops, under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, for Holland. It possesses humour and interest, the music is Mr. Shield's, consequently good. Mr. Johnstone and Mr. Incledon supported their characters of rivals, and sincere friends, and sung their songs excellently. Mrs. Clendining was very pleasing in Mary, and Mr. Munden enlivened the piece, and excited continual laughter in the busy Nipperkin, who is not only a droll, but a very consequential personage

personage in the opera, which actually contains a more regular and interesting story than many pieces of five acts, certainly than some operas of *three.* Mrs. Martyr, the smart little Midshipman, deserves her share of praise. The whole performance afforded great satisfaction, and Sprigs of Laurel preserves a fadeless lustre *now*, as the Rival Soldiers.

At the same theatre for the benefit of Mr. Wild, the prompter, came out a new farce called The Pad, which was written to ridicule a prevailing fashion among the ladies at that period, and was received with applause. A new pantomime ballet, called The Shipwreck, or French ingratitude, by Mr. Byrne, added to the evening's entertainment, and gave great satisfaction to the audience.

The Female Duellist, a new farce, was performed for the benefit of Mr. Whitfield, by the Drury-lane company, and concluded

cluded the long list of new dramas which had appeared that season.

At the close of the winter theatres, Mrs. Crouch and Mr. Kelly went to Ireland. The season had been more favourable to Mrs. Crouch than any one, since she appeared first upon the stage, for she had performed in *four new* operas, and nothing can be more advantageous to performers than to play characters in which they are original; no comparison with former favourites can be drawn to their disadvantage, which is generally the case when they take characters long in the possession of some dramatic favourite, to whom they will always appear inferior, even though their abilities are *equal*; they will be deemed at best but *imitators*, and gain less credit than when in a *new* piece, as whatever excellencies may then be evinced, are known to spring from *themselves*. No one was more sensible of this than Mrs. Crouch,

 and

and yet she invariably dreaded to appear in a new character, nearly as much as she did at first to face an audience; as she was the principal personage in the piece, she considered that the fame of the author, as well as her own, depended in a great measure on her exertions, and that idea rendered her so attentive and perfect, that she always deserved and obtained applause. She never relied on the approbation of her friends, because she thought they were too partial to be trusted, and until she *obtained* the plaudits of the audience, she never could be persuaded that she *deserved* them. From the time Mr. Kelly came to England, she was more satisfied with her singing than she was before, and she seemed to acquire courage from his presence on the stage with her. One season an attempt was made by her relations to engage her for the summer at a different theatre from that where Mr. Kelly was to

perform;

perform; but she told them, that it was in vain to engage her at any other theatre, as her voice was in her own power, and she was firmly resolved not to *sing* without him. Her salary was too great an object to be given up, and her friends, however reluctantly, were compelled, by imperious necessity, to acquiesce; for those who looked up to her for the means of existence, when unable to obtain it for themselves, from age and infirmities, were not in a state to exert much authority; she indulged them in every comfort of life which they could possibly enjoy; she behaved to them with duty and affection in every point but that *one* in which she was *resolute*. Mr. Kelly always behaved to her relations with such attention and kindness, that it was impossible for them not to feel an affection for him.

At the opening of the summer theatre, Mrs. Gibbs re-appeared on that stage in

the character of Bridget, in the Chapter of Accidents, and was received with sincere applause.

June the twentieth, was first performed, The London Hermit, or Rambles in Dorsetshire, a comedy, by Mr. O'Keeffe, in which Mr. Bannister, junior, Mr. Johnstone, poor Suett, Mrs. Webb, and Mrs. Kemble, had excellent characters. This is one of O'Keeffe's sportive children, who, by their playful drolleries, amuse and delight; extort the smile even from the most cynical critic, and keep the audience in such a perfect good humour, that laughter and applause resound throughout the theatre; and even at home the blunders of Tully, the frolics of young Pranks, and the sweet simplicity of Kitty Barleycorn, will entertain in retrospection. The sentiments of Pranks, in regard to Kitty, are truly noble; and where, either in first rate dramas or novels, do we find a more

duteous

duteous expression than the following from the lips of Kitty to the man of her heart; —"Though you were a husband for a queen, I would not have a prince, if it might grieve an indulgent parent." Yet she has just given all her little independent fortune to save this beloved young man from going to prison for debt, and when he is the acknowledged heir to a rich uncle, such are the words of an inn-keeper's daughter! Mrs. Kemble's sweet voice warbled various bits of old ballads, and one old ballad, which was very interesting. A prologue, spoken to the comedy, but not printed with it, shall have a place here.

PROLOGUE TO THE LONDON HERMIT,

SPOKEN BY MR. BARRYMORE.

"Dread censors! by whose nod we sink or rise,
Be merry, pray, to night, and not too wise,
Our bard will smile at the strict critic rule,
He had his learning in a laughing school.

Order and ancient laws he dares neglect,
And rather would be pleasant than correct:
Nay, spite of all grave classical communities,
Would sooner make you laugh than keep the unities.
Mirth is his aim—and, critics, we implore you,
Relax, while our light scenes we lay before you!
Good-humour to the countenance adds graces,
Unbend the iron muscles of your faces!
Lay acid wisdom by; think mirth no sin!
Throw your sour dignity aside—and grin!
Yet tho' we laugh, we would not quit the grounds,
Where sportive Nature marks her ample bounds.
Various her range! calm, gay, then in the vapours,
We catch the goddess as she's cutting capers.
To prove that we have caught her in the act,
Our hermitage is built upon a *fact.*
If, then, the drama's frolic pencil draws
A frolic fact—away with critic laws,
And grant the sketcher's fancy your applause.
Oft has he drawn before—this shop is full
With touches from his hand; and none thought dull.
Should this to-night seem vapid to your eyes,
'Twould prove a *Dis*-agreeable surprise!
Ah! think of his collection now in store,
And smile on him, on whom you've smil'd before."

August

August the third, was first represented, The Mountaineers, a play, in three acts by George Colman, jun. Esq. and was thus performed :

Octavian, Mr. Kemble; Virolet, Mr. Barrymore; Bulcazin, the Governor, Mr. Bensley; Roque, Mr. Aickin; Sadi, Mr. Bannister, jun. Kilmallock, Mr. Johnstone; Tocho, Mr. Parsons; Pacha, Mr. Wewitzer; Ganem, Mr. Evatt; — Zorayda, Mrs. Kemble; Floranthe, Mrs. Goodall; Agnes, Mrs. Bland.

This elegant and interesting combination of tragedy, comedy, and opera, is so perfectly known, and has been so much admired ever since it appeared, and so much has been said in praise of Mr. Kemble's Octavian, that nothing new can be added. The well-known names to the other characters will sufficiently declare how well they were also sustained. This play,

 always

always new and acceptable to the public, is truly deserving the applause which it invariably receives.

On the twelfth, in honour of the birthday of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, was acted Caernarvon Castle, or the Birth of the Prince of Wales, written by the Rev. Mr. Rose, for the occasion. This new musical piece was composed by Mr. Atwood, and proved, like other pieces of his composition, an improving genius and cultivated taste. The overture was admired, the airs much applauded, and several encored. This pleasing music adorns an interesting old English story, which was extremely well acted by the Bannisters, senior and junior, Mr. Barrymore, Suett, Davies, Benson; Miss Decamp, Mrs. Bland, and Mrs. Kemble. In the last scene, a Druid waved his wand, and discovered a brilliant transparency of the Prince's feathers, with Ich Dien, a blazing

blazing star, and the twelfth of August, and the piece concluded with some complimentary lines to the Heir Apparent. The plaudits were loud and universal. The scenery was beautiful, and the dresses new and elegant. No other novelty was required for that season. The theatre closed for Mr. Colman, and opened immediately for the Drury-lane company, their own theatre not being quite completed, and the new theatre in the Hay-market being wanted for Italian operas.

Mrs. Crouch and Mr. Kelly arrived safe and well in Suffolk-street, after an alarming report in the public prints that they had been cast away, their bodies found and buried. Mr. Philips luckily knew it to be a falsity by a letter he had received, dated after the day on which the papers said they had been found *dead*; and he, being at that time in town, could satisfy their anxious friends, who thronged to

Suffolk-street to enquire into the truth of the report; among the rest was Mr. Packer, who, being appointed an executor to Mrs. Crouch, had her will at that time in his possession. Their supposed loss seemed to have endeared them, not only to their particular friends, but also to the public, by whom they were never more warmly received than on their first appearance that season.

October the first, was performed by the Drury-lane company, at Mr. Colman's theatre, The Children in the Wood, a musical piece of two acts, by the Rev. Mr. Rose. The music by Doctor Arnold, composer to that theatre, and very pleasing. A story so familiar, judiciously adapted to the stage, and the children, for whom so many tears have been shed, preserved and restored to their parents, gave inexpressible delight to every feeling heart. The performers in general did justice to

their

their characters; but Mr. Bannister, jun. in *reality* an affectionate father, felt for the poor infants in distress, and he made every person feel for them who possessed a heart capable of feeling. It was greatly applauded, and continues a favourite with the public.

At Covent Garden theatre, a new scene, representing the taking possession of Toulon by the English, was introduced in the pantomime of Harlequin Chaplet, which was received according to the true British spirit, with shouts of exultation.

At the same theatre came out October the twenty-fourth, The Ward of the Castle, by Miss Burke, and came ready composed, for it is a musical piece of two acts, from Ireland. The piece is pleasing, was well acted, and the dresses and scenery were new and appropriate.

A dramatic sketch called Guy Fawkes, or the Fifth of November, was brought

out on that day at Mr. Colman's theatre, and well supported by the comic part of Drury-lane company. The curtain rose to "God save the King!" and the truly loyal little piece concluded with a brilliant transparency of his Majesty, and the above song in full chorus by all the house, and proved the veracity of an expression in the piece, that "Loyalty is the whim of the whole nation."

At Covent Garden, on the thirteenth, was first acted, The Siege of Berwick, a tragedy, by Edward Jerningham, Esq. and was thus performed:

Sir Alexander Seaton, Mr. Pope; Valentine Seaton, Mr. Holman; Archibald Seaton, Mr. Middleton; Anselm, Mr. Harley; Donaldson, Mr. Macready; —Ethelberta, Mrs. Pope; her Confidante, Mrs. Fawcett.

The language is elegant and pathetic; the story too dreadful for representation; the

the idea of chaining brave young men to pillars, in order to be killed with arrows, is horrible!—But Mr. Jerningham's works are too well known for a description of any part of them to be necessary here; to speak from *feeling*, he engages the affection by his good writing, for the characters which he introduces in his dramas and poems, and then tears them away by some shocking end that leaves the impression of anguish on the mind for a time, not very different from that caused by real melancholy events; his poem called the Deserter has this effect; it is a natural, unadorned, beautiful tale, in *itself* resembling the lovely cottager, whose woes it records; it is poetical without a superfluous word to make it so, and immediately interests the heart for Mary and her brave soldier, and *wounds* the heart by its cruel termination;—but is not *this* describing a *part* of Mr. Jerningham's works?

works? no! it is only admiring "The flow'ret of the wild!" It re-bloomed in the field of memory, gemmed with the tears of of sensibility, and seemed to claim this notice.

Mrs. Crouch used to call Mr. Jerningham's Deserter one of her agonizing beauties, among which were Mr. Shenstone's Jessy, and his Jemmy Dawson, as was also the pathetic ballad of Edwin and Emma; she said that they not only excited tears at the time they were read, but whenever they were thought of; Shenstone's pastorals too she admired greatly.

If the *Deserter* had not enticed us from the Siege of Berwick, it should have been mentioned in the proper place, that Mr. Jerningham wrote both the prologue and epilogue to his tragedy; the former was spoken by Mr. Harley, the latter by Mrs. Pope. They were serious productions, not unworthy his muse. In the prologue, the

the upper gallery was never addressed in nobler lines than these :

" For you, the boist'rous inmates of the sky,
Bold is the man who dares your pow'r defy ;
With you confusion her loud compact forms,
You ride the clouds, and are *yourselves* the *storms.*
Yet I have seen you mitigate your rage,
And spare th' adventurer struggling on the stage :
If in some scenes, the rest but feebly done,
Unerring Nature own'd her genuine son ;
Your glowing souls have grasp'd the author's cause,
And hurl'd around the thunder of applause."

And in addressing the Ladies, are these delicate lines ;

" And oft on beauty's cheek I've lov'd to trace,
Soft, stealing down, the holy tear of grace."

The epilogue is an animated composition, and Mrs. Pope spoke it with the spirit of a Roman matron encouraging her sons to tread the paths of glory. The dreadful state of France, at that period, rendered these, among many appropriate and

and beautiful lines, remarkably impressive:

"*Happy* the realm, in this convulsive age,
Whose *tragic scenes* are *only* on the *stage*."

December the sixteenth, for the benefit of Signora Storace, came out, My Grandmother, a musical piece in two acts, by Prince Hoare, Esq. adorned by Storace with delightful music. This entertaining little opera was ably performed throughout, but Suett's Dicky Gossip; Mr. Bannister, junior, in Vapour; Mrs. Bland, in Charlotte; and Signora Storace, in Florella, were the *life* of *My Grandmother*; poor Suett is gone! the rest not only prolong her existence, but preserve her *attractions*.

About this time came out at Covent Garden theatre, The World in a Village, a comedy, written by Mr. O'Keeffe, and was thus represented:

Grigsby, the Apothecary, Mr. Lewis; Mr. Willows, Mr. Hull; Charles Willows, Mr.

Mr. Holman; William Bellevue, Mr. Middleton; Allbut the Brewer, Mr. Quick; Jollyboy, Mr. Munden; Captain Mulinahack, Mr. Johnstone; Sir Henry Check, Mr. Powell; Hedgsworth, Mr. Evatt; Briers, Mr. Macready; Capt. Vansluisen, Mr. Cubit; Master Jack Allbut, Mr. Fawcett;—Edward Bellevue, Miss Symonds; Mrs. Bellevue, Mrs. Pope; Louisa, Mrs. Esten; Mrs. Allbut, Mrs. Mattocks; Maria Willows, Mrs. Mountain; Margery, Mrs. Platt.

There is a combination of distress, including two amiable families, which is extremely interesting throughout this comedy, while a vein of O'Keeffe's humour is blended artfully in every scene that greatly heightens the interest of the serious characters. It was excellently acted, and obtained the warmest applause.

The Prologue, written by John Taylor, Esq. was energetically spoken by Mr. Holman; it is an elegant composition, and con-

concludes with these lines, after alluding to the *then* anarchy in France:

"Here on a rock, secure amid the storm,
Dwells Liberty, in fair Monarchic form.
Around her fane, with venerable grace,
Three matchless columns fortify the place,
Enthron'd within, pre-eminently great,
Sits awful Justice, in majestic state,
Of equal laws the animating soul,
And station'd highest, to survey the whole;
Her sword by Mercy check'd, as urg'd by might,
Her *crown* the *sanction* of a *People's Right*.

The epilogue, replete with humour, was written and spoken by Mrs. Esten, and ends thus:

"In the true British sailor how often we meet,
Generosity's home—Liberality's seat!
Who tho' hardy, *humane*; if improvident, *just*;
Ever constant in love—ever true to his trust;
Who invites the unhappy to share in his mess,
Who ne'er turn'd his back to a friend in distress;
Who mid'st danger and death, will courageously sing,
'May our arms be victorious, and long live the King!"

This

This epilogue is not printed with the play in O'Keeffe's works. It was highly applauded.

The old pantomime of Harlequin and Faustus was revived, for the holidays, at Covent Garden, with new scenes, decorations, and music; the latter added to the fame of Mr. Shield, by being universally applauded.

The Proprietors of Drury brought out a pantomime at the little theatre, called Harlequin Peasant, or a Pantomime Rehearsed; this was a judicious compilation adorned with very pleasing music, we think, by Dr. Arnold.

The stage sustained an essential, it may be said, an *irreparable* loss in Mrs. Webb, whose gigantic form gave the happiest effect to most of her characters, particularly to old coquettes, whether spinsters, or dowagers; to see *her* in a frock-dress with a sash, and a wreath of roses was sufficient, without the aid of comic acting, to excite risibility, and keep up the drollery

drollery of the scene. Mrs. Cheshire, Mabel Flourish, and several others, absolutely *written* for her, have *died* with her, and when they appear, it is only as the shadow of what she made them, for though they may be perhaps better acted, no female now on the stage can *fill* them *up* and support their original humour. Mrs. Mattocks, whose figure is remarkably genteel, solely supports such characters by her comic manners. Miss Pope, though lusty, is not uncommonly so, therefore *she* has the characters to sustain by her abilities alone; but with these excellent actresses, Mrs. Cheshire must lose all her *weight*, and Mabel Flourish every thing in the *contrast* between her and little Quiz, which forms the character. The following distich was spoken extempory on this subject soon after Mrs. Webb's decease.

"O'Keeffe's droll fancy, Mabel Flourish drew,
But *matchless* Webb, poor Mabel died with *you*!"

January the fourteenth, 1794, was performed, at Mr. Colman's theatre, Heigho! for a Husband! by Mr. Waldron. This comedy had been acted once, in 1783, at Drury-lane theatre, for his benefit, under the name of Imitation. It was well performed by Messrs. Barrymore, Bannister, junior, Suett, Aickin, Wewitzer, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Harlowe, and Mrs. Gibbs. The prologue, by Mr. Waldron, was spoken by Mr. Bannister, junior, and alludes to the name, Heigho! for a Husband! The epilogue, by George Colman, Esq. is humourous, and was spoken by Mrs. Harlow. The whole performance was applauded.

On the third of February, when their Majesties had honoured the comic talents of Mr. Hoare, by commanding, for their entertainment, at the little theatre, three pieces of his writing, viz. My Grandmother; No Song No Supper; and The Prize, the crowd was so great, that, on the

the opening of the doors, in going down the steps leading to the pit, one or more persons fell, and others were precipitated over them as the throng pressed on, not knowing what had happened. Fifteen respectable persons were unfortunately trampled to death! Twenty were taken up with fractured limbs and other severe injuries, of which several did not long survive. This fatal accident was kept, as much as possible, a secret in the house, and their Majesties were not informed of it until the conclusion of the performance. Their feelings upon this melancholy event may be more easily conceived than described. The loss of so many subjects in an eager desire to see the Royal family could not but occasion the most poignant regret to the father of his people. Nothing is so dangerous as steps *down* in any place where a crowd is likely to rush rapidly on; and if they are unavoidable, there ought to be some barrier, like that where the

the money is received, to check the torrent, between the first door and the steps.

The fifth of the same month came out, at Covent Garden theatre, Love's Frailties; or Precept against Practice, a comedy, by Mr. Holcroft, thus represented:—

Sir G. Oldwort, Mr. Quick; Muscendel, Mr. Lewis; Seymour, Mr. Holman; Craig Campbell, Mr. Munden; James, Mr. Farley; Lady Fancourt, Mrs. Pope; Paulina, Mrs. Esten; Nannette, Mrs. Mattocks; Lady L. Compton, Mrs. Fawcett; Mrs. Wilkins, Mrs. Platt.

Although this comedy possessed merit worthy the pen of Mr. Holcroft, yet, at a time when the English took alarm at every word which they imagined tended to encourage the spirit of democracy, an expression which at another period would have pleased, incurred their disapproba-

tion: it was to this purpose;—that a gentleman was a less useful, and frequently a less worthy member of society, than an artist;—the audience loudly expressed their disgust, and this comedy was not so successful as the former dramatic works of Mr. Holcroft. The prologue was partly written by Mr. Thelwall, and spoken by Mr. Bernard; and the epilogue, a serious poem, was well delivered by Mrs. Esten, and was received with applause.

About the same time was first performed, at the Hay-market, The Purse, or the Benevolent Tar, a musical piece of one act, written by Mr. Cross, and composed by Mr. Reeve. It is an interesting little story, adapted to the stage, as we think, from the French of M. Berquin. Mr. Bannister, junior, as the Benevolent Tar, and the *father*, played with great feeling. Mr. Barrymore, Mr. Dignum, poor Aickin, Miss Menage, and Mrs.

Bland,

Bland, made *much* or their short characters, and gave satisfaction to the audience, who applauded the piece throughout, and it became a lasting favourite.

February the seventh, at Covent Garden theatre, came out The Travellers in Switzerland, written by Mr. Bate Dudley. It is an opera, and was supported by all the vocal and comic strength of that theatre. The music, by Mr. Shield, is excellent; the scenery was beautiful; and the opera itself is extremely entertaining; the dialogue good, the poetry elegant; and the whole performance was received with unanimous applause.

At the Hay-market, the same evening, was performed, for the first time, The Box-Lobby Challenge, a comedy, by Mr. Cumberland. Its female supporters were Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Goodall, Mrs. Harlowe, Miss Decamp, and Mrs. Gibbs; the principal actors were Messrs. Barry-

more and Bannister, junior. The dialogue is delicate, and animated with humour and neat equivoque: it was much applauded. The prologue was by the Hon. Francis North, and gave Mr. Bannister, junior, scope for some good *acting*. The epilogue, by Mr. Colman, jun. is short, spirited, and was well spoken by Mrs. Goodall.

Old Madam Drury, being renovated by the power of art, arose far more beautiful than ever she had been even in her former youthful days, recollected the adage— "To be *good* is to be *happy;*" and accordingly, instead of celebrating her renovation with *gay amusements*, she piously assembled a vocal and instrumental band, whose strains might be compared "to heaven's harmonies," and invited her former guests to rejoice with her in anthems and hallelujahs composed by the immortal Handel; and, to prove that her

loyalty

loyalty was as firm as ever, her sacred entertainment commenced with the Coronation Anthem. Her friends, who had unanimously congratulated her on the improvement of her personal charms, as unanimously applauded the taste she evinced in her harmonic selection, which proclaimed her unalterably faithful "to her King, her Country, and her God!"

This entertainment was given the first Friday in Lent, March the twelfth, 1794. The principal vocal performers were Mrs. Crouch, Signora Storace, Miss Leak; Messrs. Kelly, Dignum, Harrison, Meredith, and Master Walsh. The orchestra represented the interior of a Gothic cathedral, and had a fine effect. The entrances to the house are spacious and commodious; and notwithstanding the immense crowd, no one was inconvenienced in the smallest degree in their way to the pit and galleries.

Miss Leak was a pupil of Dr. Arnold's, and came out that season in Rosetta, in Love in a Village, with great credit to herself and her instructor. She was a very pleasing singer, and amiable in her private life. She continued several years upon the stage of Drury-lane theatre.

Miss Poole, who came out also that season in Ophelia, and sung Mad Bess with great applause, at Covent Garden theatre, gave up the profession of an actress at the end of the season, but continued to sing in oratorios and at concerts for several years.

The following tribute to the comic talents of Miss Pope having been recommended to our notice by a person of taste, with a request that it might have a place in this dramatic retrospect, it is with pleasure admitted as an elegant compliment from the pen of Mr. Keate, both to comic and to tragic abilities.

TO MISS POPE.

BY GEORGE KEATE, ESQ.

"Thou pleasant fav'rite of the Comic Muse,
Who keep'st her mirth-provoking arts alive,
Canst genuine Humour's sprightly train disclose,
And mak'st us scarcely now lament our Clive.

"O! born with energy t'enforce her right,
With well-aim'd ridicule assail each heart;
Show affectation in its truest light,
And point successfully wit's feather'd dart!

"Dost thou not smile, when with a sable train
Of dry-ey'd virgins, weeping woes unfelt,
Thy Tragic Sister, in heroic strain,
Can bid, *at will*, our yielding passions melt?

"Man's path with thorns is amply strew'd, we know,
T' increase the crop must therefore seem but folly;
Why crowd we then, with joy, to scenes of woe,
And pay, beside, to be made melancholy?

"Give me the sunny side of human life,
Where with light foot its sober pleasures tread;
I hate the horrors of ensanguin'd strife,
The scream, the dagger, and the grisly head.

"Come, then, gay leader of Thalia's train,
Bear me from scenes where the chill'd heart grows cold;
True Comedy's acknowledg'd force maintain,
And to an erring world her mirror hold.

"There at himself, in turn, each slily peeps,
There his own failings often sees reflected;
No rigid school our playful Mistress keeps,
Since by Good-humour, Vice is best corrected.

"True to her altar, still around it sport,
Exert, as now, thy varying talents still;
I'll with a cheerful brow my creed support,
And firmly own—*our* POPE *infallible*."

March the twenty-fifth, came out, at Covent Garden, Fontainville Forest, a play, by Mr. Boaden, taken from the romance of the Forest, an interesting work, written

written by Mrs. Radcliffe, universally known and admired; and nothing affords more pleasure than to behold characters rendered familiar and interesting to us in books, personified on the stage. Mrs. Pope was a charming representative of Adeline. Mr. Pope's Lamotte was a fine piece of acting. The author has formed a just idea of the character, and the performer ably supported it. Miss Morris deserved great praise in Madame Lamotte; so did Mr. Farren, in the Marquis de Montalt. The language is good, and extremely well adapted to the characters. The alteration which the limits of a play obliged Mr. Boaden to make in the story, is far from being uninteresting: Theodore could not have been introduced at the period chosen by Mr. B. for his drama, without losing all that is so admirable in his character. But although the events contained in three volumes

 could

could not be comprised in seventy pages, Mr. Boaden might give us Theodore and his pathetic scenes in another drama, and do justice to him and to the most beautiful part of the romance: yet, perhaps, it would not dramatize so well as the scenes in the forest, which afforded so much entertainment, and obtained so much applause. The scenery was appropriate, and had a fine effect. The prologue and epilogue are both written by Mr. Boaden; the former was spoken by Mr. Middleton, and the latter by Mrs. Pope. The following lines from the prologue do honour to his Muse and his principles—

"Caught from the Gothic treasures of romance,
He frames his work, and lays the scene in France.
That word, I see, alarms—it vibrates here,
And, feeling, marks the impulse with a tear.
It brings to thought a people, once refin'd,
Who led supreme the manners of mankind;

Deprav'd

Deprav'd by cruelty, by pride inflam'd,
By traitors madden'd, and by sophists sham'd,
Crushing that freedom, which, with gentle sway,
Courted their Revolution's infant day,
Ere giant Vanity, with impious hand,
Assail'd the sacred temples of the land.

"Fall'n is that land beneath Oppression's flood,
Its purest Sun has set, alas, in blood!
The milder planet drew from him her light,
And when he rose no more—soon sunk in night!
The regal source of order was destroy'd,
Anarchy made the fair creation void!

"Britons, to you, by temp'rate freedom crown'd,
For ev'ry manly sentiment renown'd,
The stage can have no motive to enforce
The principles which guide your glorious course;
Proceed triumphant, 'mid the world's applause,
Firm to your King, your Altars, and your Laws."

April the tenth, at Covent Garden, came out a musical farce, called Netley Abbey, by Mr. Pearce. Among those who performed in it we have the powerful

names of Munden, Fawcett, Johnstone, Incledon, Mountain, and Martyr. The music is Mr. Shield's.

On the twenty-first of the same month, Drury-lane theatre opened for the representation of dramas, commencing with Macbeth; Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble in the chief characters, and Mr. C. Kemble in Malcolm, his first appearance on a London stage: he gave great promise of future excellence, and was received with encouraging applause. A very elegant and appropriate address was written for the occasion, the opening of the new Drury, by the Right Hon. Major-general Fitzpatrick, and spoken, previous to the tragedy, by Mr. Kemble, with great applause; as was also an epilogue, written by George Colman, jun. Esq. and spoken by the fascinating Miss Farren, setting forth the security of the audience, in case of fire, from the reservoir, and the iron

curtain.

curtain. The epilogue ends with an elegant compliment to Shakespeare, whose statue was discovered under a mulberry-tree, when the iron curtain was drawn up. Never did an audience appear more satisfied, than the very brilliant one that night was with the theatre, the performances, and the performers. Though rather too long for this publication, we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing these charming compositions at full length.

THE PROLOGUE.

" As tender plants, which dread the boist'rous gale,
Bloom in the shelter of a tranquil vale;
Beneath fair Freedom's all-protecting wing,
The Liberal Arts, secure from danger, spring.
Thro' ravag'd Europe now, while Discord reigns,
And War's dire conflicts desolate her plains,
Oh! lest they perish in this boasted age,
Once more the victims of barbarian rage,
Her shield to guard them let Britannia rear,
And fix, in safety, their asylum here!

Here,

Here, where mild Reason holds her temp'rate sway,
Where willing subjects equal laws obey,
Firm to that well-pois'd system, which unites,
With Order's blessings, Freedom's sacred rights.
'Mid wrecks of empires, England, be it thine
A bright example to the world to shine,
Where Law, on Liberty's just basis rear'd,
Of all the safeguard, is by all rever'd;
And stems alike, when clouds of discord low'r,
The storms of Faction, and the strides of Pow'r.
Hence have the Muses, on the lists of Fame,
With pride recorded many a British name;
And on their votaries, in this lov'd abode,
Bright wreaths of never-fading bays bestow'd.
True to the cause of every English bard,
'Tis your's the just inheritance to guard.
What tho' his vaulting Pegasus disdain
The servile check of too severe a rein—
Like untaught coursers of the Arab race,
He moves with freedom, energy, and grace;
With caution, then, the gen'rous ardour tame,
Lest, while you chasten, you repress the flame:
Some licence, temper'd judgment will permit,
To Congreve's, Wycherly's, or Vanbrugh's wit;
Nor, for an ill-tim'd ribald jest, refuse
A tear to Otway's, or to Southern's Muse:

But

But chief, with rev'rence, watch *his* hallow'd bays,
To whom this night a monument we raise;
Beyond what sculptur'd marble can bestow—
The silent tribute of surviving woe—
Beyond the pow'rs of undecaying brass,
Or the proud Pyramid's unmeaning mass;
A shrine more worthy of his fame we give,
Where, unimpair'd, his genius still may live;
Where, tho' his fire the Critic's rule transgress,
The glowing bosom shall his cause confess;
Where Britain's sons, thro' each succeeding age,
Shall hail the Founder of our English stage;
And, from the cavils of pedantic spleen,
Defend the glories of their Shakespeare's scene."

THE EPILOGUE.

" What part can speak—Oh! tell me, while I greet
you—
What character express my joy to meet you!
But feeling says—No character assume;
Let Impulse dictate, and the Soul have room.
Tame glides the smoothest poem ever sung,
To the heart's language, gushing o'er the tongue:
Cold the address, the ablest scholar drew,
To the warm glow of crying—Welcome, you!
Welcome!

Welcome! thrice welcome! to our new-rear'd stage!
To this new æra of our Drama's age!
Genius of Shakespeare! as in air you roam,
Spread your broad wings, exulting, o'er our dome!
Shade of our Roscius! view us with delight,
And hover, smiling, round your fav'rite site!

"But to my purpose here—for I am sent
On deeds of import, and of deep intent:
Passion has had its scope, the burst is past,
And I may sink to *character* at last.
When some rich noble, vain of his vertù,
Permits the curious crowd his house to view;
When pictures, busts, and bronzes to display,
He treats the Public with a public day,
That all the world may in their minds retain them,
He bids his dawdling housekeeper explain them;
Herself, when each original's inspected,
The greatest that his lordship has collected.
A house now opens, which, we trust, ensures
The approbation of the amateurs;
Each part, each quality—'tis fit you know it—
And I'm the housekeeper employ'd to shew it.

"Our pile is rock, more durable than brass,
Our decorations, gossamer and gas:

Weighty,

Weighty, yet airy in effect—our plan
Solid, tho' light—like a vain Alderman:
'Blow wind, come wreck,' in ages yet unborn,
'Our castle's strength shall laugh a siege to scorn.'
The very ravages of fire we scout,
For we have wherewithal to put it out;
In ample reservoirs, our firm reliance,
Whose streams set conflagration at defiance.
Panic alone avoid, let none begin it—
Should the flame spread, sit still, there's nothing
in it—
We'll undertake to drown you all in half a minute.
Behold, obedient to the Prompter's bell,
Our tide shall flow, and *real* waters swell.
No *river*, of meand'ring *pasteboard* made;
No gentle tinkling of a *tin cascade;*
No *brook* of *broad-cloth* shall be set in motion;
No ships be wreck'd upon a *wooden ocean;*
But the pure element its course shall hold,
*Rush on the scene, and o'er the stage be roll'd**.

"How like you our aquatics?—Need we fear
Some Critic, with a hydrophobia here,

* Scene rises, and discovers water.

Whose

Whose timid caution—caution's self might tire,
And doubts, if water can extinguish fire?
If such there be, still let him rest secure,
For we have made 'assurance doubly sure.'
Consume the scenes, your safety still is certain;
Presto!—for proof, let down the iron curtain*.
Ah! ye, who live in this our brazen age,
Think on the comforts of an iron stage;
Fenc'd by that mass, no perils do environ
The man who calmly sits before cold iron;
For those who, in the Green-room, sit behind it,
They e'en must quench the danger as they find it,
A *little* fire would do no harm—we know it—
To modern Actor, nor to modern Poet.

["† But beaux, and ye plum'd belles, all perch'd in front,
You're safe, at all events, depend upon't;
So never rise like flutter'd birds together,
The hottest fire sha'n't singe a single feather;
No, I assure our gen'rous benefactors,
'Twould *only* burn the *scen'ry* and the *actors*.]

"Here ends, as housekeeper, my explanation,
And may the house receive your approbation;

* Iron curtain let down.—[† By a friend.]

For

For you, in air, the vaulted roof we raise,
Tho' firm its base—its best support your praise.
Stamp, then, your mighty seal upon our cause!—
Give us, ye Gods, a thunder of applause!

" The high decree is past—may future age,
When pond'ring o'er the annals of our stage,
Rest on *this* time, when labour rear'd this pile
In tribute to the Genius of our Isle;
This School of Art, with British sanction grac'd,
And worthy of a manly Nation's taste!
And now the image of our Shakespeare view,
And give the Drama's God the honour due!"

The iron curtain arose, and discovered a beautiful scene, with the statue of Shakespeare under the shade of his mulberry-tree. The applause was unbounded: never did an audience evince more complete satisfaction.

May the eighth was first performed Mr. Cumberland's excellent comedy, called The Jew, which was thus charmingly represented :—

Sheva,

Sheva, Mr. Bannister, junior; Ratcliff, Mr. Wroughton; Sir S. Bertram, Mr. Aickin; F. Bertram, Mr. Palmer; Jabel, Mr. Suett; Mrs. Ratcliff, Mrs. Hopkins; Miss Ratcliff, Miss Farren; Dorcas, Miss Tidswell.

The prologue was spoken by Mr. Palmer; the epilogue by Miss Farren: they are both serious, and extremely appropriate. The Jew made himself friends the first time he appeared; and, to his *honour*, has retained them ever since, and is so well known and admired, that a description is unnecessary.

On the nineteenth of the same month came out The Siege of Meaux, a tragedy, by H. J. Pye, Esq. Poet-laureat. It was finely acted by the whole tragic strength of Covent Garden theatre. The story is interesting; the language elegant; the sentiments were, in many parts, so applicable to the state of France at that period,

period, that they were received with rapturous applause. The tragedy, in general, was much admired. The prologue was spoken by Mr. Middleton; the epilogue by Mrs. Pope, who played Matilda: they were very concise specimens of good poetry, good sense, and loyalty.

On his Majesty's birth-day was performed, at Covent Garden, A Loyal Effusion, composed of airs and dialogue, by Mr. Dibdin, which did him infinite credit, and was received with unanimous applause.

June the ninth came out, at Drury-lane theatre, Lodoiska, a musical romance, translated from the French, by Mr. Kemble, and composed by Storace. The language and poetry do honour to the translator's literary talents; and the music added greatly to the fame of the composer. The scenery was superb. Besides Mrs. Crouch, the Princess Lodoiska, and

Mr.

Mr. Kelly, the Floreski; the two Bannisters, Messrs. Barrymore, C. Kemble, Dignum, Sedgwick, Aickin, and Palmer, performed in that favourite piece, which was received with deserved applause. The last scene obtained a very natural and fine effect from the *real* danger of Mrs. Crouch, when she appeared in the blazing castle. The wind fanned the flames rather too near the place where she was stationed—she *felt* them, but could not retire without spoiling the scene; therefore, with true *martial* fortitude, she maintained her post of danger at the hazard of her life, until Mr. Kelly, alarmed for her safety, flew hastily to snatch her from danger, when his foot slipped, and she beheld him fall from a considerable height, and *then* she uttered a scream of terror. Providentally he was not hurt by the fall, and in a moment caught her in his arms. Scarcely knowing what he did, he

he hurried her to the front of the stage with rapidity and undissembled terror: she, *actually* scorched by the flames, and alarmed, first by Mr. Kelly's fall, and then at his precipitancy, was nearly insensible of her situation; but the loud plaudits which they received from the audience, who thought their acting uncommonly excellent, roused them from their apprehensions for each other, and at the same time convinced them of the *effect*; which they found was far superior to any studied scene, as their danger and their fears happened to be well-timed, and perfectly in character: they profited, therefore, ever after, from that involuntary scene, by imitating, as closely as possible, their *real* fears in those they were obliged to *feign*. These particulars were told to the writer of them by Mrs. Crouch herself.

The

The new pieces brought out for benefits that season were as follow:—

British Fortitude, and Hibernian Friendship; or an Escape from France, for Mr. Johnstone, and obtained great advantage from his excellent acting and vocal powers. It was a musical drama.

Naples Bay; or the British Sailors at Anchor, a musical interlude, by Mr. Cross, for Mr. Incledon, and was received with applause.

Love and Honour, a very interesting opera of one act, for Mrs. Martyr, and was much applauded.

The Packet Boat; or a Peep behind the Veil, a musical after-piece, by Mr. Birch, composed by Mr. Atwood. This piece, which did honour to the talents of both author and composer, was brought out for Mr. Munden's benefit, and very favourably received.

Britannia

Britannia Triumphant; or the Fall of Martinico, a prelude, for Mr. Bernard.

The Sicilian Romance; or the Apparition of the Cliff, a drama, by Mr. Henry Siddons, was brought out for Mr. Middleton, at Covent Garden theatre, and obtained great applause. This drama is judiciously selected from Mr. Radcliffe's celebrated romance of the same name. Mr. H. Siddons had written an interlude, called A Modern Breakfast; or All Asleep at Noon, which had been performed at Mr. Colman's theatre for the benefit of his aunt, Mrs. Kemble, some seasons before, at the Hay-market.

July the second, a new musical piece, called The Glorious First of June, by Mr. Cobb, for the benefit of the widows and children of the brave men who fell on that memorable day. It was an interesting continuation of No Song No Supper; every body welcomed their old friends; several new cha-

characters were introduced; and the piece concluded with an awfully grand sea-fight, and a splendid fête in honour of *our* victory. J. Richardson, Esq. wrote a prologue for the occasion: it is an elegant tribute of feeling and loyalty to the memory of his brave countrymen, and shall have a place *here*, as the *best tribute* to his *own* memory.

"Of all the virtues which enamour'd Fame
Connects for ever with a Briton's name,
None sounds more sweetly from her trump than thee,
Thou first, best excellence, Humanity.
Say, shall a light, which, from its beaming sphere,
Dispels the mist of sad Misfortune's tear,
Pierces the worst abodes where miseries haunt,
And cheers the languid eye of drooping want;
Shall it to-night with feebler lustre shine,
When Justice joins her rites at Pity's shrine?
No—every eye, in generous drops bedew'd,
Shall own that bounty here is gratitude.

"Ye hapless orphans, doom'd no more to share
The fond protection of a father's care!

Ye

Ye widow'd mourners, doom'd no more to know
The shelt'ring kindness which the brave bestow!—
Your sacred griefs you do not bear alone,
For in each British heart your sorrows are their own.

"Ye gallant spirits, who to heaven are fled,
Now rank'd, now honour'd, with the glorious dead,
If of your former being aught survive,
And Mem'ry holds her dear prerogative,
How will your heighten'd natures joy to see
Old England safe—Old England safe and free!
Sav'd by that valour, which dismiss'd from earth,
Claims, from above, the meed of patriot worth.
These the grac'd ornaments that deck your bier,
The brave man's sigh, and gentle beauty's tear.

"Glory herself at such a shrine may bow;
And what is Glory but a name for Howe?
Touch'd by her hand, the Victor's wreaths assume
A fresher verdure, and a richer bloom.

"As when the Sun impetuous pours his ray,
And dazzles nature with redundant day,
If on some lonely spot his beams he throws,
Where, dress'd in sweets, retires the bashful rose,
We feel his soften'd beauty in the flower,
And love his mildness, while we own his pow'r.—

Divided eulogy this night imparts
To British spirit, and to British hearts:
Those who assert their sov'reign Country's cause,
Those who crown Valour with its best applause,
Alike in cherish'd memory shall live,
They who have won the laurel—you who give."

To the *beauty* of this poem was adde *that* of Mr. Kemble's recitation. How it was applauded may be easily imagined.

When the winter theatres closed, Mrs. Crouch and Mr. Kelly made their professional excursion; and we think it was *that* summer Mrs. Crouch was overturned, as she was travelling in her own carriage, when, by a weighty dressing-case falling on her throat, she nearly suffered strangulation before she could be extricated. This unfortunate accident so greatly injured her vocal powers, that for some time she was totally unable to sing.

The most eminent of the facu..y we con-

consulted, and various means tried, to restore her voice to its former strength; but, unhappily, that was beyond the power of art: she herself thought that she found the greatest benefit from being bled in the throat with leeches, an operation to which she frequently submitted. When she was able to sing, her voice had lost much of its clearness and power; yet, by taking her songs lower, she continued to sing with great applause, and satisfied the public far more than she did herself; but the charming expression she gave her songs, and her excellent acting, could always give delight, although her voice was in some degree weakened for speaking, after that fatal accident, as well as for singing.

About this time Captain and Mrs. Horrebow returned to England: she was much more embonpoint than when she left this kingdom, and her beauty seemed consi-

 derably

derably improved by long voyages, and some years residence in a climate not reckoned very favourable to female loveliness; yet, though it spared the flower, it destroyed the buds, for two or three little East-Indians whom she had in Bengal did not live to come here with their parents. Mrs. Horrebow had not only realized a handsome sufficiency to return with comfort to her native land, but she was also rich in elegant trinkets and other valuable presents. Business soon called Captain Horrebow to Denmark, to which kingdom his wife did not accompany him. It was a great satisfaction to them both to find their son Peter grown a fine stout boy, under the fostering care of his affectionate aunt, to whom Mrs. Horrebow, not long after her return from India, presented a little darling plaything in her daughter Sophia.

The first new piece which came out at the

the summer theatre was Auld Robin Gray, a pastoral opera, from the celebrated ballad so called. The piece was the first production of Mr. S. Arnold, son of Doctor Arnold, who assisted it with good music. It ends with Jammy's return, rich and faithful, previous to Jenny's marriage to the good old man. Mr. C. Kemble was Jammy; Miss Leak, Jenny; Suett, Robin Gray. Several characters were introduced, and performed by Miss Decamp, Mrs. Bland, Mr. Fawcett, &c. &c. How could it fail of being a favourite!

In August was first performed a comedy, called How to be Happy, by Mr. Brewer. The performers were Messrs. Barrymore, C. Kemble, Fawcett, Johnstone, Aickin, Palmer, Suett, and Parsons; Mrs. Kemble, Miss Decamp, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Harlowe, and Mrs. Hopkins; yet, in the favour of the audience, the comedy knew not *how to be happy*.

Rule Britannia, a musical piece, was brought out for Mrs. Gibbs' benefit.

Britain's Glory, or a trip to Portsmouth, a musical piece of one act, for Mrs. Kemble's; and the last that season, The Apparition, a musical romance, by Mr. Cross; the music by Mr. Reeve, which was well performed, and received with approbation.

Mr. Colman, the elder, died on the fourteenth of August that autumn. No wonder that the Filial Muse mourned in silence over his bier!—No wonder that the playful Muse of O'Keeffe should check her mirth, and, pausing, give a tear of gratitude to the *first* friend who introduced her to an English audience.

The opening of the winter theatres brought Mrs. Crouch and Mr. Kelly home to Suffolk-street, where she indeed required the assistance of Mrs. Horrebow in the accumulating afflictions of their family.

Mr.

Mr. Phillips was confined to his bed with the gout; their aunt daily evincing mental derangement; and their eldest sister in a deep decline; these were oppressive troubles to the heart of the affectionate Mrs. Crouch, even when she presided with apparent ease and cheerfulness at a table frequently adorned by the first and most brilliant characters of the age.

The Rage, a comedy, by Mr. Reynolds, was first performed at Covent Garden in October, by Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Mountain, and Mrs. Mattocks; Messrs. Lewis, Holman, Munden, Quick, and Fawcett, and received with general applause.

At Drury-lane, in the same month, came out Emilia Galotti, a tragedy, translated from the German of the celebrated Lessing. Messrs. Kemble, Palmer, Barrymore, Wroughton; Mrs. Powell, Miss Miller, and Mrs. Siddons, were the principal performers. The prologue, written

by Mr. Cumberland, was spoken by Mr. Whitfield; the epilogue, by Mr. Colman, was short, appropriate, and spoken with loyal energy by Mrs. Siddons.

On the thirtieth at Covent Garden, was first performed, Arrived at Portsmouth, a musical after-piece, written by Mr. Pearce, and composed by Mr. Shield. It was supported by most of the vocal and comic strength of the theatre, and adorned with good scenery. It was favourably received.

November the first, came out The Wedding Day, by Mrs. Inchbald; Mrs. Jordan's excellence in this farce is well known, and the comic powers of Mr. King were a great support on its first appearance, and it is become a stock-piece.

This month a pantomime spectacle called Hercules and Omphale, came out at Covent Garden with splendid decorations.

A little

A little piece, called Nobody, the first dramatic production of Mrs. Robinson, with a prologue, and epilogue, both written by herself, was first performed November the twenty-ninth at Drury-lane; the principal performers were Messrs. Barrymore, Bensley, Bannister, jun. Miss Pope, Miss Decamp, and Mrs. Jordan; yet notwithstanding this able support, and the celebrated literary talents of the author, the farce, not giving general satisfaction, was withdrawn after the third night.

This month comedy lost one of her most faithful votaries in Mr. Baddeley, who was taken ill as he was dressing for the character of Moses, in The School for Scandal, on the nineteenth, and expired on the twentieth. In Moses and many other characters he was very excellent.

December the sixth, came out at Covent Garden, The Town before You, a comedy, by Mrs. Cowley; supported by Mr. and

Mrs. Pope, Messrs. Lewis, Holman, Quick, Fawcett, Munden, &c. Mrs. Mattocks, Miss Wallis, Mrs. Martyr, Miss Chapman, &c. yet this comedy was not so successful as most of that lady's productions.

The twentieth, at Drury-lane, was first acted The Cherokee, a comic opera, by Mr. Cobb, composed by Storace. The principal performers were Messrs. Kelly, Barrymore, the two Bannisters, C. Kemble, Dignum, Sedgwick, Walsh, Suett, &c. Signora Storace, Miss Leak, Mrs. Bland, and Mrs. Crouch. The scenery and decorations were beautiful. Mrs. Crouch had a very interesting character which she played excellently; but this opera did not succeed equally with The Haunted Tower and The Siege of Belgrade; the performers had not such scope for their abilities. An after-piece was taken from it

it since, called Algonah, and performed for Mrs. Billington's benefit in 1802.

A pantomime, called Mago and Dago, was brought out at Covent Garden for the holiday spectators.

January the thirty-first, 1795, was first performed The Mysteries of the Castle, a dramatic tale, by M. P. Andrews, Esq. which was well acted at Covent Garden; this piece is chiefly taken from the Sicilian Romance. The prologue, by Captain Topham, was spoken by Mr. Harley; the epilogue, by Mr. Andrews, was *acted* by Mrs. Mattocks with her usual spirit.

February the fourteenth, Crotchet Lodge, a farce, by Mr. Hurlstone, was brought out at the same theatre, the prologue, by Doctor Houlton, was spoken by Mr. Fawcett.

On the twenty-first, at the same theatre, was first acted, England Preserved, a play by Mr. Watson. Miss Wallis was lady Surrey,

Surrey, the only female; Earl of Surrey Mr. Holman; Pembroke, Mr. Pope; the other principal characters were ably sustained, and the play was received with applause.

At Drury-lane the twenty-eighth, came out The Wheel of Fortune, a comedy, by Mr. Cumberland. Miss Farren, Emily; Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Woodville; King, Tempest; added to Mr. Kemble's Penruddock, gave astonishing interest to the piece. Mr. C. Kemble, the two Palmers, Suett, and Waldron, did ample justice to their respective characters. But the pale, unhappy, Penruddock, seems to take possession of the attention and of the heart, and weakens the interest of every thing in which he is not immediately concerned. The Wheel of Fortune was received with applause, and is always applauded.

At Covent Garden, March the nineteenth,

teenth, was first acted, Life's Vagaries, or The Neglected Son, by Mr. O'Keeffe, it is a comedy of five acts, in which Mr. Lewis has a mixture of wildness and sensibility exactly suited to his abilities in Arthur D'Aumerle, the neglected son; whim and interest are pleasantly blended through the piece in a manner peculiar to O'Keeffe. Besides Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Pope, had a short, but very interesting character, Miss Wallis, also another; Mrs. Lee, a new and lively actress, the leaders of the comic train, Munden, Quick, Fawcett, and Johnstone, had all good characters; the two latter, George Burgess and Timolin, utter sentiments which do honour to humanity. John Taylor, Esq. wrote a good prologue to this play. It was received with applause, although not equal to that bestowed on Wild Oats.

A tragedy, entitled Edwy and Elgiva, by Mrs. D'Arblay, was first performed at

Drury-

Drury-lane, March the twenty-first, and thus excellently represented; Edwy, Mr. Kemble; Sigesbert, Mr. C. Kemble; Dunstan, Mr. Bensley; Oldin, Mr. Palmer; Odo, Mr. Aickin; Eltruda, Mrs. Powell; and Elgiva, Mrs. Siddons, who also spoke the epilogue; Mr. Barrymore the prologue. The language of the tragedy is truly poetical, and the sentiments appropriate to the characters, yet its success was not equal to the merit of the author, *then* celebrated for her excellent novels of Evelina and Cecilia, to which she has since added Camilla.

In honour of the nuptials of the heir apparent, was brought out, at Covent Garden, a drama of two acts, called Windsor Castle; the words by Mr. Pearce, the grand ballet by Mr. Noverre; the overture by Doctor Haydn; and, except a charming glee by Mr. Spofforth, the music is

is by Mr. Solomon. The decorations were superb.

At Drury-lane, April seventeen, came out a comedy called the Welsh Heiress, by Edward Jerningham, Esq. Miss Farren, Miss Pope, and Mrs. Jordan; the two Palmers, Dodd, Suett, Barrymore, and Bannister, junior, did all they could to gain the Welsh Heiress a favourable reception, but without effect. Miss Farren spoke an excellent epilogue, written by the Right Hon. Field Marshal Conway.

The twenty-third, at Covent Garden, was first acted, The Irish Mimic, or Blunders at Brighton, by Mr. O'Keeffe. This farce is a whimsical vagary, was well performed, and afforded a great diversion to the audience.

May the twelfth, at Drury-lane, was first performed, First Love, a comedy, by Mr. Cumberland, adorned with the Farren, the Pope, and the Jordan; King, Suett,

Suett, the Palmers, Bannister, junior, and Wroughton. The comedy is interesting, and was favourably received.

That month, also, came out The Deserted Daughter ,a comedy, by Mr. Holcroft, excellently acted at Covent Garden by the Popes, Lewis, Harley, Quick, Munden, Miss Wallis, and Mrs. Mattocks, and highly applauded by the audience.

About the same time, at Drury-lane, was first acted, Jack of Newbury, a comic opera, written by Mr. Hooke, jun. and composed by Mr. Hooke, sen. Mrs. Crouch, Miss Leak, Mrs. Bland, Signora Storace, Kelly, Dignum, Bannister, sen. Suett, and the Palmers, supported the piece, aided by pleasing music, and a magnificent masque in honour of the royal nuptials.

For Mr. Quick's benefit, came out a humorous prelude, called the Telegraph, or a new Way of knowing Things.

For Mr. Johnstone's, The Bank Note, or Lessons for Ladies, a comedy, by Mr. Macready, acted with great applause; and, also, a musical after-piece, called, The Sailor's Prize, or May-day Wedding; both *new* on the first of May.

For the benefit of Master Walsh, on the same evening, at Drury-lane, came out The Adopted Child, a musical piece, by Mr. Birch, composed by Mr. Atwood; it was received with applause.

A very charming address was wrote by Samuel Rogers, Esq. and spoken by Mrs. Siddons, that season, on *her* night, between her playing Palmira, in Mahomet, and Emmeline, in Edgar and Emmeline; and it was hard to say which deserved *most* applause, the poet, or the reciter of the poem; the plaudits were, however, sufficient for both, they were unbounded.

At Covent Garden, June the third, The

The Secret Tribunal, a tragedy, by Mr. Boaden, was first performed; it is taken from Herman of Unna, a German novel, by Professor Kramer. The scenes are judiciously selected and well supported, and the audience received the tragedy with deserved applause.

The Poor Sailor, or Little Ben and Little Bob, had like to have been forgotten, although they met with a very favourable reception at Mr. Bernard's benefit.

The Tythe Pig, a ballet, at Covent Garden, and St. Andrew's Festival, at Drury-lane, came out about that time, but the former was not *accepted*, nor the latter attended to with *veneration*.

Miss Mellon came out that season; she is genteel and pretty, and, as a lively actress, has risen in the favour of the public. Mr. Russell also made his first appearance on the London boards about the

the same time; this gentleman is well known both as a comedian, and as the manager of Richmond theatre.

And *that* season, to the sincere regret of all who admire true humour, Mr. Parsons, who had been declining some time in his health, but not his comic powers. January the nineteenth, he played Sir Fretful Plagiary, struggling with severe indisposition, his efforts were rewarded with applause; it was his last attempt! he expired February the third.

HIS EPITAPH.

BY MR. DIBDIN, SENIOR.

"Here Parsons lies! oft on life's busy stage,
With nature, reader, thou hast seen him vie:
He friendship knew—knew science, knew the age;
Respected knew to live—lamented die."

That spring, Mrs. Le Clerc was released from a world in which she had been for

for some time labouring under a disorder very afflicting to herself and friends. Nothing was wanting that the care and attention of Mrs. Crouch could procure to render the melancholy situation of her aunt comfortable; but, alas! that was impossible—Death was a happy release.

That summer Mrs. Crouch took a house at Battersea, principally for her father, that as his infirmities daily increased, she might have him nearer to her than Broadstairs, and we think she passed the short recess at Battersea.

Mr. Colman opened his theatre with a prelude called, New Hay at the Old Market, written by himself; and on June the twentieth, came out Zorinski, a play, by Mr. Morton; it was supported by Mrs. Kemble, Miss Leak, Mrs. Bland, and the male strength of the theatre; good acting and singing, added to the skill of the

the author, obtained a favourable reception for Zorinski.

July the sixteenth, a musical farce called Who Pays the Reckoning, by Mr. Arnold, was first performed, and was adorned with pleasing music by his father Dr. Arnold.

Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble performed Lady Randolph and Douglas that season, at the little theatre, for the benefit of their amiable sister Mrs. S. Kemble, who had also a new musical piece of one act, called Love and Money, or the Fair Caledonian, by Mr. Benson, which was received with applause.

September the second came out, The Three and the Deuce, a musical farce, by P. Hoare, Esq. This whimsical piece is well known, and well liked, as is Mr. Bannister, junior's, excellence in the three characters.

Mr. Waldron, for his benefit, brought out Love and Madness, an antique dramatic

dramatic tale, which he took from the Two Noble Kinsmen, by Fletcher; and a comedy of three acts, called, 'Tis a Wise Child who knows his Father.

Mr. Colman closed his theatre at the usual time, without having given much *novelty* to the public that season.

At Drury-lane, the first new piece was The Dependent, a comedy, by Mr. Cumberland; which was well performed, but not successful.

At Covent Garden, November the seventh, came out Speculation, a comedy, by F. Reynolds, Esq. Miss Mansel, a new actress, Mrs. Davenport, and Miss Wallis; Messrs. Lewis, Quick, Fawcett, and Munden, exerted their abilities, and Mr. Lewis spoke, or rather acted, a very smart epilogue, by M. P. Andrews, Esq. and the whole performance obtained universal applause.

A pantomime, called Merry Sherwood,

or-

or Harlequin Forester, by Mr. Lonsdale; the songs by Mr. O'Keeffe, and the music by Mr. Reeve; was brought out at Covent Garden for the holidays.

In January, 1796, was first acted, an historical play called, Days of Yore, by Mr. Cumberland, at Covent Garden. The Popes, Miss Morris, Mrs. Clendining, and Mr. Harley, were the principal performers, who, as well as several others, did justice to the author. The story possesses interest, and the language is elegant and spirited; the play, and a very loyal prologue, were received with approbation and applause.

Harlequin Captive, or The Magic Fire, a pantomime, with splendid decorations, came out at Drury-lane the eighteenth. The twenty-third, at the same theatre, The Man of Ten Thousand, a comedy, by Mr. Holcroft, was first represented by most of the principal performers at that house;

house; but it was not received with the general and warm applause which has been excited by most of Mr. Holcroft's productions.

On the same evening, at Covent Garden, come out Mr. Morton's comedy called, The Way to Get Married, which was received with applause, and still retains the favour of the public.

February the second, at the same theatre, was first acted The Lock and Key, by P. Hoare, Esq. An overture, by Mr. Parke, junior, preceded this musical farce, the songs of which are composed by Mr. Shield; this whimsical trifle possesses the *key* of mirth which it *unlocks* at will.

At Drury-lane, a farce called, The Shepherdess of Cheapside, by Mr. Cobb, was performed without success.

At the same theatre, March the twelfth, was first performed, The Iron Chest, a play by Mr. Colman. The music is by Storace.

Storace. So much has been said and written concerning the *first* representation of this play, and it has so often been received since with admiration and applause, which have established its own fame, and that of the author, so firmly, that any remarks or praises *here* would be superfluous.

April the *second*, though certainly Mr. Ireland designed it to come out *April* the *first*, was acted, the tragedy entitled Vortigern, for that night only, yet notwithstanding it was so soon dismissed from the theatrical world, it made a long continued bustle in the literary world, the whole of which is well known. Sir James Bland Burgess wrote the prologue, and Mr. Merry, the epilogue to the *supposed* posthumous offspring of our Shakespeare.

At Covent Garden, on the ninth, came out The Lad of the Hills; or The Wicklow Gold Mines, a comic opera, writ-

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ten by Mr. O'Keeffe, and composed by Mr. Shield. It is something strange, that when Mr. O'Keeffe published this opera, which he did with his works, by its second title only, he changed every name in the dramatis personæ as follows:—

First acted.	Printed.	Performed by
Devereux,	Franklin,	Mr. Townsend.
Tinihinch,	Donnybrook,	Mr. Richardson.
Granaghan,	Sullivan,	Mr. Johnstone.
Yemen,	Felix,	Mr. Incledon.
Thady,	Billy O'Rouke,	Mr. Fawcett.
Mannus,	Redmond O'Hanlon,	Mr. Bowden.
Phelim,	Dross,	Mr. Knight.
Jesse,	Helen,	Mrs. Clendining.
Shelah,	Rosa,	Mrs. Mountain.

The thirteenth, at Drury-lane, The Smugglers, a musical drama, by Mr. Birch, was brought out for the benefit of Mr. Bannister, junior, with great success. The piece is a pleasing and interesting trifle, adorned with music by Mr. Atwood,

Atwood, which added to his fame as a composer.

The fifteenth, at Covent Garden, for Mrs. Martyr's benefit, came out a musical interlude, called The Point at Herqui; or British Bravery Triumphant, written to celebrate the glorious exploit of Sir Sydney Smith, and performed with success.

At Drury-lane, the twentieth, Almeyda, Queen of Grenada, a tragedy, by Miss Lee, was first performed by Messrs. Kemble, C. Kemble, Palmer, Aickin, Wroughton; Mrs. Powell, and Mrs. Siddons; of course they did justice to the author, and to themselves. The story is pathetic, the language good; yet this tragedy existed only four nights on the stage!

The twenty-third, at Covent Garden, came out The Doldrum; or 1803, by O'Keeffe! It represents a *son* encouraging *domestics* to impose on *his father!*

 to

to *play* with the infirmity of age!—May the children of O'Keeffe never have played upon *his infirmities*, nor imposed upon *his blindness!*—It is the *last* piece in his printed works, and adds nothing to their *worth*. Mrs. Mattocks *alone* could have been benefited by the Doldrum, as it enabled her to display her comic powers, as a chattering, consequential Housekeeper, a French Doctress, and a Welsh female Postilion; in all which she was excellent, and pleaded more effectually for the author in the *piece*, than even in the smart prologue, which she spoke with her usual vivacity.

The thirtieth, at Drury-lane, was first performed Mahmoud, an opera, by P. Hoare, Esq. and composed by Mr. Stephen Storace, who died March the sixteenth that year. Previous to the opera, the following lines, by Mr. Hoare, were spoken by Mr. Benson:—

"When

"When vain is ev'ry anxious hope to save,
And Genius sinks to an untimely grave,
The waken'd feelings of a gen'rous mind
A momentary void consent to find.
How difficult, alas! the task we try,
The blank, with equal value, to supply!
To-night we mourn a lov'd Composer lost,
By *all* lamented, but by *us* the most:
Depriv'd, alas! of that inspiring beam,
That touch'd the tuneful lyre with fleeting gleam;
Yet what remains, and long, we trust, shall live,
We aim, with anxious industry, to give;
Imperfect, if you view th' intended plan,
Accept it as we give—'tis all we can.
Faults will, no doubt, too evidently glare,
And haply teach you our regrets to share.
But shall we humbly for compassion sue,
And lift our hands for pity up to you?
No—shall the gen'rous Briton, taught to bless
His deadliest foe, when prostrate in distress,
Await *our* voice his pitying ear to call,
When *native* genius, native virtues fall?
Oh! be it still the honest Briton's boast,
To shield the flow'rets of his native coast;
Unprompted, to protect their op'ning bloom,
And, zealous, guard them scatter'd o'er the tomb!"

Messrs. Kelly, Braham, Dignum, and Sedgwick, Miss Leak, Mrs. Bland, and Signora Storace, did ample justice to the posthumous composition of her lamented brother. Messrs. Kemble, Bannister, jun. Suett, and Aickin, ably sustained their respective characters. The opera was much applauded.

Mr. Hoare also produced, that season, Julia; or Such Things Were, a tragedy, for the benefit of Mrs. Siddons. It had been acted at Bath some years before in the name of Kirk's Cruelty, on which the play is founded.

Mr. Bensley took leave of the stage, after playing Evander, in the Grecian Daughter, for his own benefit, May the sixth, universally esteemed and regretted.

For Mrs. Mountain's benefit came out a musical farce, called The Witch of the Wood, composed by Mr. Spofforth.

Alive and Merry, a farce, for Mr. Suett's.

After

After the Roman Actor, and Celadon and Florimel, both altered by Mr. Kemble from Massinger and Cibber, for Mrs. Kemble's benefit; that lady, highly esteemed as Miss Hopkins, Mrs. Brereton, and Mrs. Kemble, took her leave of the stage, which she had trod from a child; and in the line of characters she chose, which were rather *below* than *above* her abilities, she was a genteel, and, when requisite, a sprightly actress. She was so affected at bidding adieu to her long-proved friends, that she could scarcely articulate some appropriate lines written for her by Mr. Greatheed; and was she not unkind to bid them adieu in the prime of her life, and apparently of her health?

Much about this time the eldest sister of Mrs. Crouch came to town for medical advice, being in the last stage of a decline, and in a short time after died at

her house. This shock was softened by Mrs. Crouch knowing that her sister had every attention paid her which could possibly render her last days comfortable, and the sisters felt a mutual satisfaction in being together at that awful period. Mrs. Scadgall left a son and a daughter, and Mrs. Crouch immediately took the entire charge of the latter. Mr. Scadgall did not long survive.

That summer a new house in Lisle-street, Leicester-square, was fitting up for her, according to her own elegant taste, to be ready by the winter; and during the vacant part of the season she spent much of her time at Battersea with her father, and his playthings, which she used to call his grand-children.

Mr. Colman opened the summer theatre with a new musical piece, called The Bannian Day, by Mr. Brewer, the music by Dr. Arnold. Messrs. Johnstone and Fawcett,

Fawcett, Mrs. Bland and Miss Leak, were much applauded.

June the twenty-second, The Magic Banner; or Two Wives in a House, a play, by Mr. O'Keeffe, was first performed, but without much success. It is printed in his works, under the name of Alfred; or the Magic Banner. A prologue was written for it by Mr. Taylor, and spoken by Mr. C. Kemble.

Mr. Elliston made his first appearance on the London boards, on the twenty-fifth, in Octavian and Vapour, and has proved himself a valuable acquisition to the stage.

July twenty-third came out Don Pedro; a drama, by Mr. Cumberland, who wrote also the prologue and epilogue; the former was spoken by Mr. R. Palmer, the latter by Miss Decamp. This drama was unfavourably received by the audience.

A little piece, called The Married Un-

married, was brought out for Mr. Johnstone's benefit, and was the last novelty that season.

On the opening of the winter theatres, Mrs. Crouch and Mr. Kelly went to their new house in Lisle-street; where, as usual, their table was frequently adorned by the brilliant conversation of the most celebrated dramatists and performers in the kingdom.

The first novelty which came out that winter was at Drury-lane theatre, where Mademoiselle Parisot was engaged, who of course required a ballet for the display of her fine attitudes: The Triumph of Love was therefore performed, October the first, in which she obtained great applause.

The twenty-ninth, at Covent Garden, was first performed, Fortune's Fool, a comedy, by F. Reynolds, Esq. It was well acted, and much applauded throughout.

The

The Charity Boy, a musical after-piece, written by Mr. Cross, and composed by Mr. Reeve, came out, November the fifth, at Drury-lane, and was ably supported by the performers, Mr. Bannister, jun. Suett, Miss Leak, Mrs. Bland, and Miss Decamp.

The fifteenth was first performed The Conspiracy, a tragedy, from Metastasio, by Mr. Jephson, at Drury-lane. Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble, in Vitelia and Sextus, were excellent; and Mrs. Powell, Messrs. Barrymore, C. Kemble, and Palmer, did justice to their characters. Mr. C. Kemble spoke the prologue; Mrs. Powell the epilogue. The whole was well received.

Abroad and at Home, a comic opera, by Mr. Holman, came out the nineteenth, at Covent Garden; the music by Mr. Shield. Mrs. Knight, sister to Miss Farren, Mrs. Second, and Mrs. Martyr, were the

the females; and Messrs. Murray and Knight, added to the comic and vocal strength of the theatre, represented the male characters. It was received with great applause.

At Drury-lane, December the sixth, The Force of Ridicule came out, and was condemned almost unheard.

The tenth, at the same theatre, The Shipwreck, a musical after-piece, by Mr. Arnold, and composed by Dr. Arnold, was first acted, and received with great applause.

At Covent Garden, for the holidays, Harlequin and Oberon; or the Chace to Gretna, was performed with success.

We cannot close the year 1796 without noticing the death of Mr. Dodd, on September the seventeenth: he had been a true votary to Thalia for many years. He was an excellent Fop; and Mr. Phillips said, Dodd was the best Abel Drugger,

ger, except Garrick, that he had ever seen. Dodd, Baddeley, Edwin, Parsons! Poor Thalia, thy losses have been great!

The Honey Moon, a comic opera, written and composed by Mr. W. Linley, was brought out at Drury-lane, January the seventh, 1797; but although the music did honour to his talents, the audience disapproved of the vehicle he had chosen for it, and the piece was withdrawn.

Mr. Morton's Cure for the Heart Ache was received at Covent Garden, on the tenth, with universal plaudits. This comedy was capitally performed by the Popes, Miss Wallis, Mrs. Mattocks; Messrs. Lewis, Murray, Quick, Fawcett, Munden, &c. &c. The prologue was written by W. T. Fitzgerald, Esq. the epilogue by M. P. Andrews, Esq. and Co. for Mrs. Mattocks to *act*, as usual, and excite laughter and applause.

The very interesting little opera, intitled

titled A Friend in Need, written by P. Hoare, Esq. and composed by Mr. Kelly, was first performed at Drury-lane, February the ninth, with universal approbation. Mrs. Crouch gave great effect to the character of the Countess: Miss Decamp, Mrs. Bland, Kelly, Bannister, jun. and several other performers, gave great satisfaction. The music of this opera is partly selected from Italian masters, and partly new; and the former evinced Mr. Kelly's taste as a compiler; the latter, his genius as a composer.

Bantry Bay, a musical farce, the first production of a gentleman, and composed by Mr. Reeve, came out at Covent Garden; and the Irish loyalty which this little piece displayed was much applauded.

Mrs. Inchbald's excellent comedy, Wives as They Were, and Maids as They Are, was first performed, May the fourth, at Covent Garden, with unbounded applause,

plause, and became a well-known favourite. The prologue was spoken by Mr. Waddy; and a conclusive address, alluding to the glorious naval victory obtained by Sir John Jervis, written by Mr. Taylor, and spoken by Miss Wallis, was received with rapturous plaudits.

A loyal little piece was revived, with some alterations, and the new title of Cape St. Vincent; or British Valour Triumphant, and was again received with enthusiastic applause.

Raymond and Agnes; or the Castle of Lindenberg, a grand and interesting ballet, taken from the Monk, and arranged for the stage, by Mr. Farley, was performed at Covent Garden with great success about that time. The music of this ballet, which was interspersed with airs and choruses, is the composition of Mr. Reeve.

April the eighth, Miss Farren took leave

leave of the stage, on which she had been invariably admired, respected, and beloved. The following lines were spoken by Mr. Wroughton, while the audience beheld their young and lovely favourite, for the *last* time, adorning the stage.

" But, ah! this night, adieu the mirthful mien,
When Mirth's lov'd fav'rite quits the mimic scene!
Startl'd Thalia would assent refuse,
But Truth and Virtue su'd, and won the Muse.
Aw'd by sensations it could ill express,
Tho' mute the tongue, the bosom feels not less:
Her *speech* your kind indulgence oft has known;
Be to her *silence* now that kindness shown!
Ne'er from her mind th' endear'd record will part,
But live, the proudest feeling of her heart!"

She made her curtsies of adieu, amid not only applauses, but congratulatory blessings, from all parts of the theatre; and her conduct, since she became the Countess of Derby, has proved how highly she deserved the coronet and the heart which

which she received from the *first* Earl of Great Britain.

April the nineteenth, at Drury-lane, was first performed The Will, a comedy, by F. Reynolds, Esq. with great applause. Mrs. Jordan was captivating in Albina. The prologue, by Mr. Taylor, was spoken by Mr. R. Palmer. The epilogue, by M. P. Andrews, with quotations from the epilogue written by S. Rogers, Esq. and spoken by Mrs. Siddons on her benefit night, in 1795, was spoken by Mrs. Jordan.

The Italian Villagers, a comic opera, by P. Hoare, Esq. came out the twenty-fifth, at Covent Garden, and was acted with success. The music is by Mr. Shield.

The Tatlers, a comedy, came out soon after at the same theatre, said to be written by Dr. Hoadley. A prologue, by Mr. Taylor, was spoken by Mr. Holman; and an

an epilogue, by Mr. Jerningham, by Mrs. Mattocks.

May the eighth was first performed, The Last of the Family, a comedy, by Mr. Cumberland; in which Mrs. Jordan had a good character, and introduced two or three songs, composed by Mr. Kelly. This comedy was brought out for the benefit of Mr. Bannister, junior, and was very favourably received. *This comedy*, in every respect, is worthy the name of Cumberland. An excellent prologue was spoken by Mr. Bannister, jun. in the character of Sheva; the epilogue, with a song, by Mrs. Jordan; and the whole performance obtained most *deserved* applause.

The Honest Thieves; or the Faithful Irishman, a very amusing farce, was judiciously selected by Mr. Knight from The Committee, of Sir Robert Howard,

and

and first performed for Mr. Johnstone's benefit with great applause.

The Surrender of Trinidad; or Safe Moor'd at Last, for Mrs. Martyr's.

The Hovel, for Miss Leak's.

Diamond Cut Diamond, for Mrs. Mountain's. The three last were musical after-pieces.

May the 13th, at Drury-lane, a magnificent masque, called The Fairy Festival, was brought out in compliment to the nuptials of the Princess Royal of England with the Prince of Wirtemberg. This elegant trifle evinced the liberality of the managers, and was highly applauded.

The Wandering Jew; or Love in Masquerade, a farce, by Mr. Franklin, came out at the same theatre about that time.

The fourteenth of June a benefit was given, at Covent Garden theatre, for the widows and children of those brave men who

who lost their lives in the glorious action of February the fourteenth that year, under Lord St. Vincent. The three great theatres combined their forces for that night. Mrs. Jordan played Peggy in The Country Girl. Signora Storace Margaretta in No Song No Supper. The opera Corps de Ballet exerted their excellent talents in Cupid and Psyche. And Mrs. Abington, who had not performed for several seasons came forth on the occasion and spoke a favourite epilogue. The audience hailed the re-appearance of their favourite with such repeated plaudits that it was a considerable time before she could speak. Some lines were written, on seeing her name in the bills, which perhaps may not be deemed intrusive here, though printed before.

See the bills once more grac'd with an Abington's
 name!
Is she led into public by interest or fame?

Their

Their dictates this offspring of nature has scorn'd;
For her cottage by taste and content is adorn'd:
They have breath'd soft tranquility's charm o'er her
mind,
And the mask of Thalia she long has resign'd:
Then what has induc'd her again to engage
In theatric toils, and appear on the stage?
Meek Charity came, and the nymph thus address'd,
"Oh! would'st thou by widows and orphans be
bless'd,
Behold with compassion this sorrowing train;
Oh, Abington! can they solicit in vain!
Sad relics of those, who by Jervis the brave,
Were embalm'd with his sighs, ere they sunk in the
wave:
He saw them undaunted fight long by his side,
And his heart felt a pang for each hero that dy'd.
To their mem'ry by thee let a tribute be paid,
Forego thine own ease, and this night deign to aid
The endeavours of those who benignly come forth,
And from Penury's hand strive to extricate worth;
Exert thy known talents in pleading a cause
So glorious—that HEAVEN will give thee ap-
plause!"

Covent Garden theatre gave a benefit also, for the Lying-inn-Hospital, Bays-water;

water; when part of the Drury-lane company, and the opera corps de ballet, volunteered their services again on the charitable occasion. The first piece was the Duenna, in which Signora Storace, Braham, and Kelly, performed.

At the close of the season, Mrs. Crouch went no farther than to her house at Battersea. We think it was that summer she purchased the spot of ground, on a long lease, in the King's Road, Chelsea, which she adorned with such elegant simplicity for her rural retreat, and the tranquil abode of her father, still anxious to bring him nearer town, that she might visit him oftener, and yet place him in a situation where he might enjoy salubrious air. The arrangement of her plan for the cottage and the garden, occupied most of her time that summer.

At Mr. Colman's theatre, Hay-market, July the fifteenth, came out, his own

comedy

comedy called The Heir at Law, thus excellently performed. Pangloss, Mr. Fawcett; Homespun, Mr. Munden; Kendrick, Mr. Johnstone; Moreland, Mr. C. Kemble; Steadfast, Mr. Aickin; Duberly, Mr. Suett; Dowlas, Mr. Palmer; Lady Duberley, Mrs. Davenport; Caroline Dormer, Miss Decamp; Cicely Homespun, Mrs. Gibbs. It was received with unbounded applause, and became an established favourite.

The Italian Monk, a play in three acts, by Mr. Boaden, came out August the fifteenth; this tragi-comedy is judiciously selected from Mrs. Radcliff's romance of the same name, and adorned with excellent language. Palmer was the Schedoni; C. Kemble, Vivaldi; and Miss Decamp, Rosalba. The play was highly applauded throughout.

Mrs. Atkins, a pupil of Rauzzini, made her first appearance in Rosina with great applause, on the sixteenth. That lady is

at present a favourite singer at Covent Garden.

The Irish Tar, or Which is the Girl, a musical piece, composed by Mr. Atwood, was brought out for Mr. Johnstone's benefit.

In the course of the last season, Covent Garden theatre had sustained a very serious loss by the death of Mrs. Pope, who was its chief support for tragedy, and genteel comedy. She had been most deservedly a favourite of the public from her first appearance on the Drury-lane stage during the management of Mr. Garrick. When she engaged with Mr. Harris, at Covent Garden, she increased her celebrity by entering into a more extensive variety of characters, and died when she had attained the summit of her theatrical fame, as sincerely lamented as she had been ardently admired.

Miss Wallis, in consequence of a very advan-

advantageous marriage, had quitted the stage.—What could Mr. Harris do?—He represented his misfortunes to Thalia herself, who promised him the aid of her representative the truant Abington, who had so long preferred ease and retirement to her theatrical duties, and the public applause which had always attended their exertion. Mrs. Abington was accordingly announced for Beatrice, in Much Ado About Nothing on October the sixth. Among the numerous admirers of Mrs. Abington no one more truly rejoiced at her reappearance in public than Mrs. Crouch. She immediately sent to have places secured for herself and a select party.

Before the curtain drew up that night, the theatre was crowded in every part, and a more elegant display of fashion never graced the boxes. The following address, written by Mr. Colman for the

 occasion,

occasion, was excellently spoken by Mr. Murray previous to the play.

"Whene'er the mind assumes a pensive cast,
And memory sits musing o'er the past:
When melancholy counts each friend gone by,
True as religion strings her rosary;
The eye grows moist for many in silence laid,
And drops that bead which nature's self has made.
To friends alone, then, is the tear-drop due?
Oh, no! to public virtue—genius too:
Fondly we dwell on merit Death has cross'd,
On talent we have witness'd, and have lost.
Here on this mimic scene, alas the day!
How many fleeting Time has snatch'd away!
His fatal scythe, of late, the hoary sage,
Has swung with ampler sweep along the stage.
Tardy no more he treads the drama's ground,
But strides like Mars, and mows with fury round.
Companions of his course, on either hand
Death glares—and gentle Hymen waves his brand.
Here Death to a chill grave some actor carries,
Here Hymen beckons—and an actress marries.
Thin'd thus of brilliant talent and of worth,
Is then our drama threaten'd with a dearth?

Not

Not so, we trust—for judgment sure can find,
Full many a fav'rite still left behind;
Many, whose industry and modest sense,
Your smiles have mellow'd into excellence;
Whose sparks of merit, fann'd into a flame
By Candour's breath, now kindle into fame.
And if, while glancing o'er Thalia's ground,
The critic eye some casual void has found;
Can she not fill the chasm in her train,
And lure some favour'd vot'ry back again?
E'en now the Muse on high her banner rears,
Thalia calls—and ABINGTON appears!
Yes, ABINGTON—too long we've been without her,
With all the School of Garrick still about her.
Mature in pow'rs, in playful fancy vernal,
For Nature, charming Nature is eternal!
And, oh! while now a favourite returns,
Whose breast for you with grateful passion burns,
Keep up Thalia's cause!—scorn, scorn to drop it!
And cheer her priestess, who now comes to prop
it!"

This elegant and appropriate address obtained, as it truly deserved, universal applause; but that which attended Mrs. Abington's appearance, was indeed cheer-

ing—it was a rapturous welcome never to be forgotten by those who heard it; and well deserving those applauses did she prove herself, for she seemed to have passed the time of her absence in studying a new taste in dress, and new graces of speech and action.

Another address was written at that time for Mrs. Abington to have spoken herself; it is far inferior to Mr. Colman's—yet it obtained for the *writer* the gratification of hearing Mr. Colman read his own address previous to its being spoken; and for *itself* his approbation, therefore it is deemed in some measure worthy a place here. The following address never before appeared in print and alludes to the strange reports concerning Mrs. Abington's age, which compared with her appearance seem to render her immortal.

AN

AN ADDRESS INTENDED FOR MRS. ABINGTON.

Yes, my lov'd Patrons, I'm here once more,
Though many *kindly* say, that I'm *fourscore*;
Perhaps you think so, and with wonder see,
That I can curtsey, thus, with pliant knee;
That still without two crutches I am walking,
And, what's more strange, don't mumble in my talking.
Increase my years, and you increase my merit,
If I perform with some degree of spirit.
That I *have* pleas'd you, warms my grateful breast,
And, if you find me still with talents blest,
Let me awhile your cheering plaudits meet,
Who only come to fill a *vacant* seat!
Your Pope is *gone*, who long had grac'd the stage!—
Farren, and Wallis, in *new* scenes engage.
No more in Fancy's mimic state they sport,
Now, lovely wives, they grace a *real* court.
And I, who pass'd in ease my latter hours,
Must here again exert my comic pow'rs;
Yet soon the envied sceptre I'll resign,
To give a lesson is my sole design;
As Nature's offspring, bred in GARRICK'S School,
Thank Heav'n, I need not play the hoyd'ning fool.

In *that* the sportive Jordan, scorning art,
With native humour, captivates the heart.
In other characters, that once were mine,
Bedeck'd with *spangles*, I e'en *now* can *shine*.—
Shall I say more?—perhaps, you'll think me vain—
And if I *fail*, my simple boast disdain.
To your known candour without fear, I trust,
Hope for your *praise*—yet own your *blame* is *just*.—
Think I have been to self defects too blind,
And only wish that you could see my mind.—
There unimpair'd my gratitude behold,
That glows more *ardent*, as my frame grows *old*.

At Drury-lane on the seventh came out a musical after-piece called The Chimney Corner, translated from the French by Walsh Porter, Esq. and composed by Mr. Kelly; the overture was by Mr. Shaw. Unfortunately for the piece Mr. Kelly gave up the character of Darcy, an officer to Miss Decamp, who, though an excellent *Ariel*, made a slight little boy of the warrior, and looked his *page*, not *himself*. Mrs. Crouch had also relin-

quished

quished the character of Louisa to Miss Leak, who, though certainly a better substitute for *Mrs. Crouch* than Miss Decamp was for *Mr. Kelly*, the change was by no means *favourable* to the Chimney Corner; which, notwithstanding the fall of snow *, was not so *welcome* as might be expected. Mrs. Bland, Suett, and Bannister, junior, did all that they could for their trifling characters.

At the commencement of that season, several new performers, well known and admired since, were engaged at the Royal Theatres. At Covent Garden, Mrs. Litchfield; Mr. and Miss Betterton, now Mrs. Glover; Mrs. Spencer, afterwards Mrs. Pope; Miss Wheatley, a singer, pupil of Mr. Attwood; and Madame Mara. At Drury-lane, Mrs. Walcot; Mrs. Sparks;

* Very naturally represented through the windows of a hall in the governor's house.

Miss Biggs, now Mrs. Young; and Miss Dufour, now Mrs. Sarrat.

Miss Dufour was an admired singer at the Pantheon and Hanover-square concerts, and having some inclination for the stage, was introduced to Mrs. Crouch the season before, who, with Mr. Kelly, heard her sing several songs so much to their satisfaction, that it was agreed between her father and Mr. Kelly, that she should become pupil to the latter for a certain term of years. A part of her salary was to be the recompence for the instructions she would receive from Mrs. Crouch for acting, and from him for teaching her singing; and it was fixed by them that she was to come out, *that* season, in Adela, at Mr. Kelly's benefit; he even spoke to Mr. Colman to engage her as first singer at his theatre in the summer, when, suddenly, the parents of Miss Dufour changed their minds, and totally broke off the engagement

gagement with Mr. Kelly. The young lady was afterwards introduced to Mr. Sheridan, and engaged for three years, at a rising salary; we have heard, six, eight, and twelve pounds per week; the same character of Adela was chosen for her debut, and she appeared October the nineteenth. The theatre was crowded, but her fears overcame her so much, that she could scarcely give utterance to the first song, "Whither my Love." The encouraging applauses she received cheered her spirits, and she sung the other songs, particularly the Bravura, with such taste and execution, that she was warmly applauded and encored. Her speaking voice is extremely sweet and articulate; her features are delicate, and the nearer they are seen the more beautiful they appear; in stature she ranked between Mrs. Crouch and Miss Decamp, although the latter lady, owing to her slimness, always seemed taller on the stage than

Miss Dufour; of her singing, Mr. Kelly said, that Nature had done every thing for her, and she had done every thing for herself, but that she had had too many masters, which was true, as she had received instructions from various French, Italian, and English masters. Had she come out with the advantages first proposed, of instructions from Mrs. Crouch and Mr. Kelly; had she been supported by their friendship, and enlivened by their praises, instead of feeling depressed by the idea of their being her enemies, her good sense and her abilities would no doubt have rendered her *now* an ornament to Drury-lane theatre. On the first thought of her playing Adela, the following address was written, and intended to have been spoken by Mr. Bannister, junior.

To night a young advent'ress tries her power,
In the dread walls of *this* our *haunted tower.*
Should the attempt be check'd by chilling fear,
Her drooping soul—kind Guardian Spirits cheer!

With

With magic hands support her trembling frame,
And guide her safely thro' the paths of fame!
Tho' not to her, those comic powers belong;
Tho' not to her, that wond'rous skill in song,
Which Nature has to gay Storace given,
Yet, by some strange infatuation driven,
This little native of Britannia's Isle,
Treads in *her* steps, and courts Thalia's smile:
Hopes, too, for yours—nor is her hope in vain,
You crush not humble efforts with disdain.
To *her* your generous candour is unknown,
She fears no *spectres*—but the critic's *frown*.
To banish such vain terrors from her mind,
I said, "Dear-miss, you'll find the audience kind;
If they behold one spark of comic merit,
Their just applause will soon revive your spirit.
Take courage, miss, indeed you need not fear them—
Ere long like *me* you'll *gratefully revere* them."
I *err'd* not when these flatt'ring hopes I gave her:
No, no! I see you're all inclin'd to save her.
For tho' her tuneful strains have gain'd applause,
She's yet a stranger to *dramatic* laws.
Each night she'll grow more worthy of your favour,
If she gets over *this* her *first* endeavour.
Then let her hear—for *there* she trembling stands,
The rapturous sound of your inspiring hands!

It

It seemed impossible for Miss Dufour to improve, as she had no practice. She performed Adela twice, in about a fortnight, to good houses, and with as much, if not *more* applause, than *new* performers usually obtain; and from that time, except once or twice as Amphitrite, she did not appear on the stage until near the close of the season. Somebody had the Haunted Tower for their benefit, when again she played Adela in so superior a manner to what she had done before, that Mr. Bannister, junior, complimented her on her improvement, which surprised him: but she had not been idle; she had studied at home. A sensible and an accomplished woman, and that she certainly is, wants only encouragement and practice to become excellent. Miss Dufour sung in the oratorios that season at Covent Garden theatre. But to proceed in our retrospect.

Cheap

Cheap Living, a comedy, by F. Reynolds, Esq. came out October the twenty-first, at Drury-lane. Mrs. Jordan played *Sir Edward* Bloomley charmingly, as he is a boy of sixteen. Miss Decamp had an interesting part, to which she did great justice. The play was throughout well performed, and much applauded. Mr. Taylor wrote both prologue and epilogue, spoken by Mr. C. Kemble and Miss Decamp.

On the twenty-third, at Covent Garden, Mr. H. Johnston made his first appearance on the London boards, in Douglas. Mrs. Crawford, who had paid a visit to England, was the Lady Randolph. Mr. Johnston has greatly risen in the opinion of the public since that night, and rendered himself not only an admired, but a very useful actor, by the versatility of talents he possesses.

Madame Mara was greatly applauded for

for her singing in the Beggar's Opera; but to those who carried with them the idea of a Crouch, or a Billington, she did not *look* like Polly.

Fast Asleep, a farce, by Mr. Birch, at Drury-lane; and An Escape into Prison, a musical farce, by Mr. Cross, at Covent Garden, were both unsuccessful.

At Drury-lane, about the same time, A Trip to the Nore, a diverting and loyal little piece, by Mr. Franklin, was received with applause. An intoxicated Greenwich pensioner was admirably sustained by Mr. Bannister, junior.

Mr. Cumberland wrote an elegant address for Miss Betterton's first appearance in Elwina, in the tragedy of Percy: it was spoken by Mr. Holman. Mr. C. also wrote an address, which did honour to his heart, and impressed itself on the hearts of the audience, for the benefit given at Drury-lane theatre for the widows

dows and orphans of our valiant seamen, who lost their lives in the glorious victory of Lord Duncan over the Dutch, on the eleventh of October. The address was spoken, with appropriate energy, by Mr. Wroughton.

November the twenty-third, False Impressions, a comedy, by Mr. Cumberland, was first performed, at Covent Garden, with great success. Miss Chapman, Mrs. Knight, and Miss Betterton, were the female; and Messrs. Murray, Quick, Munden, Whitfield, and Holman, the male performers of the few characters in False Impressions.

The twenty-fourth, at the same theatre, was produced a grand serious ballet, called The Round Tower; or the Chieftains of Ireland; invented by Mr. Cross; the music by Mr. Reeve. The principal dancers were the two Bolognas, Mr. Follet, and Mrs. Parker, who was an elegant and ex-

expressive dancer and Colombine. The ballet was much applauded. The chief singers were Mr. Townsend, Mrs. Clendining, and Miss Sims, a lively little actress, who came out that season in Fanny the Gypsey, in the Maid of the Mill.

At Drury-lane, December the fourteenth, was first performed, the well-known and much admired dramatic romance, called The Castle Spectre, by M. G. Lewis, Esq. The long run which this play had the first season, the numerous times it has been performed since, the many editions it has gone through, and the power it still retains over the feelings of the audience, prove its merit beyond any praises which have, or can be bestowed on it. The Spectre, for which you are prepared, strikes you with a reverential awe equal to that with which it may be supposed to have inspired Angela. The music that accompanies the Spectre is solemn and appropriate; and the jubilate, when it vanishes,

vanishes, is divine!—it seems to waft the soul to heaven. The first appearance of the Spectre is to confirm Angela's affection for her mother, and to strengthen her abhorrence for Osmond, the murderer of that mother. The second appearance of Evelina's spirit is to prevent the murder of Reginald, and has the desired effect. The opening of the fiery gulph at the feet of Osmond, the murderer, conveys a lesson consonant with our religion; but why does the innocent, the *murdered Evelina*, sink into that gulph of fire?—Why does she not vanish to the same, or similar celestial strains, she did before? which would preserve the delusion, and strengthen the impression. Instead of which, both are done away by the invariable apprehension that Mrs. Powell will not be able to prevent her light drapery from catching fire; but if *no* swelling drapery alarmed you for the performer, and you

you could still believe it were the shade of the lamented and beloved Evelina, how it destroys the moral of the drama to see *her* enveloped, at the last, in flames, like the diabolical Don Juan! — Can a *more* horrible fate attend the guilty Osmond? If Mr. Lewis had not so completely engaged our affections for his Spectre, her demoniacal exit wouldnot so forcibly have revolted against our feelings: if she were to vanish through a chasm in the dark wall, discovering a momentary radiance, like that which illuminates the oratory, while a few celestial notes seemed again to welcome her to the regions of bliss, innocence would appear more glorious, and the punishment of guilt more awfully tremendous; and Evelina make, in her *last* scene, the same almost heavenly impression on the mind which she does in her *first*. This is *not* finding fault with the legs of the peacock, it is only an humble

humble attempt to remove a speck from a beautiful feather, which we think, in a slight degree, dims its lustre, as we have heard the *warmest* admirers of the interesting drama invariably object to the *descent* of the Spectre into the flaming gulph.

Angela is a being who clings round the heart, and seems to guide its sensations through the piece; for her sake you love Percy, and detest Osmond; and for her sake you are willing to indulge Father Philip with his pasty and his bottle, and Motley with his jokes; for both Philip and Motley are *friends* to Angela. The Blacks make a strong interest for *themselves;* and while fastidious critics are coldly questioning their *right* to be there, they are warmly received by candour and humanity.

The music of this favourite drama is by Mr. Kelly; and both he and Mrs. Crouch con-

constantly attended the theatre during the first run, and themselves assisted in the song and chorus of "Sing Megan-oh! Oh! Megan Ee!"

Harlequin and Quixotte, or the Magic Arm, a pantomime, by Mr. Cross, was got up at Covent Garden for the Christmas holidays. Of this pantomime Mrs. Crouch said—"Don Quixotte is a character which has always claimed my admiration, my pity, and my affection; and it hurts my feelings to have him brought upon the stage, in dumb-show foolery, as an object of ridicule, nearly as much as if a revered relative of my own, in a deranged state of mind, was exposed to the gaze and laughter of the public." These words evince an understanding and a delicacy of feeling which reflect honour on the memory of her who uttered them.

January the eleventh, 1798, was first performed, at the same theatre, Secrets

Worth

Worth Knowing, a comedy, by Mr. Morton, and received with applause. Mrs. Spencer was peculiarly interesting in Miss Egerton; and all the other characters were ably supported by Mrs. Mattocks, Mrs. Mountain, and the male chieftains of the theatre.

The sixteenth, at Drury-lane, came out Blue Beard, or Female Curiosity, a dramatic romance, written by Mr. Colman, and composed by Mr. Kelly. Those who have been blest with parents capable of teaching "the young ideas how to shoot," will retain an affection for every thing which made their infant hearts palpitate; and to those Blue Beard was peculiarly welcome, while every body was pleased with the splendour which surrounded him. Mrs. Crouch, in Fatima; Miss Decamp, in Irene, particularly on the tower, when she sings, "I see them galloping! I see them galloping!" and Mrs. Bland, in Beda,

with

with her lover Shaccabac, Mr. Bannister, junior, in the well-known "Tink a tink," were irresistible. Mr. Kelly did what he could for Selim, which is nothing, after the first scene; and Mr. Palmer was a noble looking Abomelique, Blue Beard. The piece was splendidly got up, and universally applauded. Mademoiselle Parisot danced charmingly in the illuminated garden.

At the same theatre, on the twenty-fifth, came out a comedy, called Knave or Not, by Mr. Holcroft, which was extremely well performed by Miss Pope, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Decamp; Wroughton, Barrymore, Bannister, jun. Palmer, Suett, Wewitzer, &c.

A night was given at Covent Garden for the voluntary contribution for the defence of our country, and an excellent address was written for the occasion by William

William Boscawen, Esq. and spoken by Mr. Holman.

Joan of Arc, or the Maid of Orleans, an historical ballet, came out at the same theatre, on the twelfth of February, and was received with great applause.

At the same theatre, on the thirteenth, was first acted, He's Much to Blame, a comedy, by Mr. Holcroft; in which Mrs. Spencer, as Miss Delaval, took the name of Pope. Mrs. Mattocks, Miss Betterton, and Mrs. Gibbs; Lewis, Quick, Murray, Davenport, and Pope, sustained the other characters. The story is interesting, and the comedy was universally applauded.

March the twenty-fourth was first performed, at Drury-lane, The Stranger, a play, translated from the German of Kotzebue. Mr. Kemble's Stranger, and Mrs. Siddons' Mrs. Haller, are indescribable and inimitable. It is a most affecting

play. It is called by *some* immoral!— Those who could extract a *bad* lesson from the character of Mrs. Haller, must be so completely *depraved*, so devoid of *comprehension*, that they would do the same from Mary Magdalene's, and be corrupted by the most affecting instances of repentance written for the improvement and comfort of frail mortality by the sacred hand of an inspired writer. Mr. W. Linley wrote the prologue, which was spoken by Mr. Barrymore; M. G. Lewis, Esq. the epilogue, for Mr. Suett to speak in the character of a Gipsey. Mr. Sheridan wrote a beautiful and very pathetic song, which was composed by the Duchess of Devonshire, and sung by Mrs. Bland with great effect. The success of the play is well known.

The Eccentric Lover, a comedy, by Mr. Cumberland, was acted at Covent Garden, April the thirtieth, without success.

She's

She's Eloped, a comedy, by Mr. O'Keeffe, came out, May the nineteenth, at Drury-lane, and was equally unsuccessful.

Among the various little pieces brought out at benefits were Mr. Dibdin's Hannah Hewit, or the Female Crusoe, for Mr. Bannister, junior; and The Blue Devils, from the French of M. Patrat, by Mr. Colman, for Mr. Fawcett.

In the course of that season, Mrs. Abington performed Beatrice, Estafania, Mrs. Sullen, the Widow Belmour, Millamant, Phillis, Lady Sadlife, Mrs. Oakley, Lady Teazle, for the benefit of Mr. Lewis, who obtained permission of Mr. Sheridan to have the School for Scandal; and for her own benefit she had the same admired comedy, with Garrick's High Life Below Stairs, and played Lady Teazle and Kitty to a crowded and brilliant house. The applause she received in every one of those characters must

have amply rewarded that inimitable actress for her spirited exertions. She looked so extremely well, that one evening, when she played Millamant to Mr. Holman's Mirabel, and reclining towards him, said, with an arch look, "Well, why don't the man take me?" a young gentleman, in a box very near the stage, exclaimed—"By Heaven, she does not look a day too old for Holman!" That gentleman, from having resided abroad, had never seen Mrs. Abington perform until that season; and although he had heard and read great encomiums on her acting, he declared that she fully answered every thing that had been said of her various powers.

Mrs. Crouch rejoiced that Mrs. Abington closed her engagement without taking leave of the stage. "For now," she said, "we may still hope to see her act again." And will she not take a grateful leave of a

public,

public, by whom she has been so admired and applauded? Her face still retains its juvenile roundness; her eyes their brilliant archness; Time has not yet bent her graceful form with his iron hand, nor need she "purse up her mouth, like the aperture of a poor-box, to hide her losses in front:" therefore her voice preserves its wonted clear articulation; and, being of Garrick's school, she ought to follow his example, and take a handsome leave of her good friends.

In the summer of 1798, Mr. Phillips removed from Battersea to the cottage, in the King's-road, Chelsea, with which he was much delighted; and, except a visit to Brighton for a few weeks, Mrs. Crouch passed the summer in completing the adornments of her rural abode. Her sister Horrebow engaged with Mr. S. Kemble to perform comic characters that summer at his theatre in Edinburgh; but

being in a state which promised an increase to her family, and also much indisposed, she played seldom, and then not with the exertion which she could have done at another time, therefore she was not seen to any advantage; and her son Henry was born before she left Scotland, and a bonny little Scotch laddie he is.

Mr. Kelly engaged himself that summer at Mr. Colman's theatre, on account of his pupil, Miss Griffiths, who came out there, on the fourteenth of June, in Polly, to his Macheath. She was only fifteen, and made a debut which did great honour to the instructions she had received from both Mrs. Crouch and Mr. Kelly, and obtained the most gratifying applause for herself.

The Inquisitor, a play, from the German, was brought out, but did not succeed.

Throw

Throw Physic to the Dogs, a musical farce, written by Mr. Lee, and composed by Dr. Arnold, was also unsuccessful.

The Cambro-Britons, a play, with songs, by Mr. Boaden, came out July the twenty-first. Some of the songs were written by Mr. Colman; the music is by Dr. Arnold. Miss Decamp, Mrs. Bland, the Eleanor and Gwynetha, were excellent; and Mrs. Gibbs gave great effect to the Spectre; and the male characters were well supported. The play was received with applause.

August the second, Mr. Palmer died upon the Liverpool stage, while he was performing the Stranger, just as he uttered

"Oh! God! God!
There is *another*, and a *better* world!"

He had been much affected by the recent deaths of his wife and a beloved son. It was an effort for him to act, but he well

well knew the disadvantage his lying by would be to the theatre; he struggled, therefore, against the feelings of affection, and "broke the cordage of his manly heart!" He left not a handsomer man, nor a more useful performer than himself upon the stage. On the thirteenth, Mr. Aickin, the manager, gave a benefit, at the Liverpool theatre, for the orphans of Palmer, and Mr. Roscoe wrote an appropriate and pathetic address for the melancholy occasion, which was delivered by Mr. Holman with a sensibility which rendered it truly impressive. The Countess of Derby gave fifty pounds towards the benefit, which produced four hundred pounds.

Mr. Colman also gave them a benefit, and the Opera House was lent for his company to perform in, his own not being large enough to receive the friends of Palmer's orphans, who had a strong claim on the hearts of a grateful public, to whom their

their father had afforded so much pleasure. The Heir at Law, and the Children in the Wood, were performed; and Mr. R. Palmer was to have spoken an address, but he was so overcome by his feelings, that he could neither speak the address, nor perform his part in the farce. Indeed August the eighteenth was too early for him to have been brought forward on such an occasion, as his brother died but on the second of that month. By this benefit it was said they cleared seven hundred pounds.

Drury-lane opened, on September the fifteenth, for the benefit of Palmer's orphans, with The Stranger, and The Citizen. Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in the play; Mr. Bannister, jun. and Mrs. Jordan, in the farce. In the play, Mr. Barrymore took Mr. Palmer's Baron Steinfort, and Mr. Holland the Count Wintersen of Mr. Barrymore. The theatre

atre overflowed, and the produce of that evening, presents included, exceeded eight hundred pounds.

Previous to the closing of the summer theatre, Mrs. H. Johnston made her first appearance there, in the interesting character of Ophelia, which she performed with universal applause.

A play also came out there, called False and True, by Mr. Moutray; the music by Dr. Arnold. Two songs for Mr. Johnstone were written by Mr. Colman. This play, which was in three acts, was very favourably received.

During the summer, Mrs. Crouch had paid the greatest attention to her pupil, Miss Griffiths. Whenever she was to appear in a new character, Mrs. Crouch not only took pains to render her perfect and unembarrassed in her acting, but went with her to the theatre, to see that she was dressed in a becoming and appropriate manner;

manner; therefore her pupils, the arrangement of her cottage, the garden, and her filial duties, fully occupied her time until the winter theatres opened.

Mrs. Johnson from America, Mr. Emery, from York, Mrs. Mills, since dead, from the same city, and Mr. Hill, the singer, from Bath, were engaged at Covent Garden that winter, and received with great applause. Mr. Powell, from Norwich, also made *his* first appearance at Drury-lane, in Don Felix and Young Wilding, and was very favourably received.

Lover's Vows, a play from Kotzebue, by Mrs Inchbald, was first acted, October the eleventh, at Covent Garden, by Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston, Mrs. Johnson, Messrs. Pope, Murray, Powell, Knight, and Munden; and was received with unanimous applause.

At the same theatre, to celebrate Nel-

son's glorious victory, came out, on the twenty-fifth, an entertainment, called The Mouth of the Nile, by Mr. Dibdin, jun. adorned with charming music by Atwood, and introduced by a loyal address, written by Mr. Cumberland, and spoken by Mr. H. Johnston. The whole, congenial to the feelings of the public, was received with unbounded applause.

Ramah Droog, or Wine does Wonders, an opera, by Mr. Cobb, composed by Mazzinghi, whose pupil, Miss Waters, came out in Zelma, was first acted at Covent Garden, November the twelfth, with great applause. The scenery was beautiful.

At Drury-lane, on the fourteenth, came out The Captive of Spilburg, a musical after-piece, taken from the French, by P. Hoare, Esq. the music by Dussek. Mrs. Crouch, Mrs. Bland, Barrymore, Bannister, jun. and Kelly, were the prin-

cipal

cipal performers. The piece was much applauded. Mrs. Crouch, in Eugenia, was peculiarly interesting.

Previous to the Captive of Spilburg came out, at the same theatre, a musical drama, called The Out-Laws, by Mr. Franklin, composed by Florio. C. Kemble, Bannister jun. Kelly, Dignum, Mrs. Crouch, Miss Decamp, Miss Leak, and Mrs. Sparks, were the chief performers. The drama had a very favourable reception.

A little piece, called A Day at Rome, came out at Covent Garden, but was withdrawn.

Mrs. Wybrow made her appearance at the same theatre, about that time, in the Genoese Pirate, or Black Beard, a ballet, by Mr. Cross: she was greatly admired for her gracefulness and agility.

The well-known farce of The Jew and the Doctor, by Mr. Dibdin, jun. came out,

out, November the twenty-third, at the same theatre, with great success.

A Word for Nature, a comedy, by Mr. Cumberland, was first acted at Drury-lane, December the fifth, but soon withdrawn.

Laugh when You Can, by Mr. Reynolds, came out the eighth, at Covent Garden. The good acting by which this play was supported, and its success, are well known.

At the same theatre, Adelaide and Albert, or the Victim of Constancy, a grand heroic romance, from the German, by Mr. Cobb, the music by Steibelt and Attwood, was first performed, on the eleventh, with universal applause.

Miss Stevens, pupil to Mr. Pillotti, appeared, for the first time on any stage, as Polly, in the Beggar's Opera, at Drury-lane, and went through the character with as little embarrassment as if she had been

upon

upon the stage for ten years: she was much applauded; but was not above two seasons, we think, on the London boards.

Mr. Lacy had a benefit at Mr. Colman's theatre, December the seventeenth, and Mrs. Abington kindly came forward once more in Mrs. Oakley. Miss Pope, Mrs. Bland, Mr. Bannister, junior, and several other celebrated performers, volunteered their services on the occasion. Mr. Lacy spoke a sensible and very appropriate address, written for him by Mr. Taylor; and he also played Mr. Oakley. After the Jealous Wife, were performed Sylvester Daggerwood, and High Life Below Stairs.

Aurelio and Miranda, a play, taken from the Monk, by Mr. Boaden, was first performed at Drury-lane, on the twenty-ninth. The opening of this play, and several scenes, were enthusiastically applauded: yet it was performed but six nights.

nights. Some persons said it was sacrilegious to represent a *church* upon the stage, and still more so for Mr. Kemble, in Aurelio, to make himself look so like a *divinity;* and others, that Mrs. Siddons, in Miranda, *ought* to have been a *devil.* We heard no disapprobation expressed against the *divine* appearance of Aurelio; but certainly it was no sooner found out that Miranda was a virtuous woman, instead of a demon, than many in the pit and galleries evinced dissatisfaction; and some circumstances concerning Agnes, which *read* much better than they *represent,* increased the murmur. This play, in some parts, is extremely interesting, and the language elegant and well adapted to the characters. Mr. Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, their brother Charles, and Mrs. Powell, did justice to the author, and to their own abilities. Mrs. Bland, as a Gipsey, sung sweetly.

January

January the twelfth, 1799, was first performed, at Covent Garden, The Votary of Wealth, a comedy, by Mr. Holman, which was excellently acted, and very favourably received.

Feudal Times, or the Banquet Gallery, a musical after-piece, by Mr. Colman, came out at Drury-lane. The music was selected and composed by Mr. Kelly. Mrs. Crouch made Claribel very interesting, and sung the "Maid of the Wold" with her usual expression. But Feudal Times possessed not the attraction of Blue Beard, although it was splendidly adorned, and well acted.

The Magic Oak, a pantomime, was brought out at Covent Garden, on the twenty-ninth. The overture, airs, and choruses, were composed by Mr. Atwood. In the pantomime music he was assisted by Messrs. Mountain and Ealy. It was highly applauded.

A ballet,

A ballet, called Moggy and Jenny, invented by Mr. Roffey, and composed by Mr. Rhodes, came out at Drury-lane, to display the agile graces of Signora Bossi Del Caro, which insured it applause.

March the second, The Secret, a comedy, by Mr. Morris, came out at the same theatre, and was very favourably received. Mrs. Powell, Miss Pope, and Mrs. Jordan, were the only females: the latter spoke the epilogue, by Mr. Colman.

At Covent Garden, the sixteenth, was first acted, Five Thousand a Year, a comedy, by Mr. Dibdin, jun. with success, for the benefit of Mr. Lewis. Mrs. H. Johnston being indisposed, Miss Murray, now Mrs. H. Siddons, took her place in the comedy, and sustained the character with great credit to her own abilities, and gave a *promise* of what she *is now*, a very engaging actress.

At

At the same theatre, April the sixth, came out The Birth-Day, a comedy, translated by an English merchant at Vienna, from the original manuscript of Kotzebue's Fraternal Enmity, performed with great applause at that city, and adapted to the English stage by Mr. Dibdin, jun. where it did not meet with a more *unfavourable* reception.

At the same theatre, the twelfth, Mr. Pope's benefit, The Count of Burgundy, translated from Kotzebue by Miss Plumptre, was adapted to the English stage by Mr. Pope, who brought it out with success. After which Mrs. Abington appeared, for that night only, as Lady Racket, in Murphy's Three Weeks After Marriage, with her usual brilliancy and applause.

The Twins, or Is it He or His Brother, a farce, by M. G. Lewis, Esq. was first acted,

MAHARAJA SERFOJI

acted, for the benefit of Mr. Bannister, jun. at Drury-lane.

Mr. Fawcett was honoured with a grand operatical romance, called The Princess of Georgia, written by the Royal Mistress of Brandenburgh House, at the theatre of which it had been acted with great applause. It was an after-piece in two acts.

For Mrs. Jordan, The East-Indian, a comedy, by M. G. Lewis, Esq. The spectators found much interest, and language which spoke to the heart, in this comedy, although it did not succeed like the Castle Spectre.

April the twenty-third was first acted, at Drury-lane, The Castle of Montval, a tragedy, by Mr. Whalley, in which Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Powell, the two Kembles, and Barrymore, were the chief performers.

Trials of the Heart, a play of three acts, for King's benefit, in which were himself, Messrs. Kemble and Barrymore, Mrs Siddons, Mrs. Walcot, and Mrs. Jordan.

First Faults, a comedy, for Miss Decamp's benefit. *Faults* are seldom contended for; but when Miss Decamp owned *first faults* to be *hers*, a young writer declared that she had only laid claim to his *Natural Faults*—a proof that the comedy was successful.

What Is She? a comedy, came out about the same time, at Covent Garden. Mr. and Miss Betterton spoke the prologue and epilogue.

At the same theatre, The Horse and the Widow, a farce, from Kotzebue, by Mr. Dibdin, junior, came out with applause. Some other little pieces were produced for benefits.

May the twenty-fourth, at Drury-lane, Mr.

Mr. Sheridan produced his Pizarro, from Kotzebue. This charming play is too well known to need encomiums now. The noble manner in which the characters were sustained at the first representation, and the enthusiastic applauses it received, are also well known. To every one who saw it, Pizarro was interesting; but to those who had previously read the Virgin of the Sun, it was infinitely more so; for there Rolla is more glorious, Ataliba more noble, and Cora and Alonzo more interesting, and the knowledge of that *first* part of their story gives an indescribable interest to their characters in Pizarro, and seems to throw a brighter glow over the animated language which Mr. Sheridan has given them.

The crowd was so immense the first night of Pizarro, and the eagerness was so great to see it, that the pit was nearly filled by those who paid box price, and

got

got over to it from the lower boxes. Many windows were broken to give air to the almost stifled crowds in the passages; and one of the door-keepers had his ribs broke by endeavouring to restrain the impetuosity of the throng where the money is taken. Late as it came out, Pizarro ran that season thirty-one nights. The music, by Mr. Kelly, is greatly admired. Mrs. Crouch and Misses Dufour, Decamp, Leak, and Stevens, were the principal priestesses of the sun.

This was the last piece in which Miss Dufour sung at Drury-lane theatre: she has since married Mr. Sarrat, a man of very great abilities; he is known in the literary world as the author of a New Survey of London; Koningsmark the Robber, a romance, in one volume; the Life of Buonaparte; and he has also translated a novel from the French, called The Three Monks! dedicated to M. G. Lewis, Esq.

Esq. We hear he is now engaged in an original work of fancy for the press. Mrs. Sarrat has also translated a novel from the French, intitled Aurora, or the Mysterious Beauty, and written various little interesting tales for periodical publications. She engaged, some time ago, with Mr. Astley as his first singer, and she is as attentive to her professional duties as she is to those of an excellent wife and mother; indeed, it would be difficult to find a more accomplished, a more amiable, or a happier couple, than Mr. and Mrs. Sarrat. This is a slight tribute to merit, and we may add, in many respects, *injured merit.* Both Mrs. Crouch and Mr. Kelly have since evinced, on many occasions, a wish to be of service to Mrs. Sarrat; and proved, to her satisfaction, that they had entirely forgiven the slight they had received in regard to the first proposal.

As

As Mrs. Crouch did not appear in any new piece after Pizarro came out, except in the Pavilion, which was played but two nights, we shall end our dramatic retrospect at that celebrated play, and conclude the memoirs of Mrs. Crouch, which it is necessary to do in this volume; but it is our intention at present to continue the dramatic retrospect in a detached volume, beginning from Pizarro to the close of the present season, which will form an appendix to this work, which many may choose to have.

From the time Mrs. Crouch in a manner withdrew herself from the stage, her life afforded scarcely any variety; she devoted a great part of her time to the improvement of Mr. Kelly's pupils; the first instructions they received were all from her, and we may justly say, the last, as she took great pains to make them good actresses, and her care was rewarded by

seeing several of them prove so. Miss Griffiths, since married; Miss Dixon, now Mrs. Smith; Miss Davies; Miss Jackson, now Mrs. Matthews; Miss Jacobs; the Menages; and Miss Tyrer, have done justice to her instructions; many other pupils she has also instructed, who have supplied the theatres and Opera House with good chorus singers; her two nieces, Miss Scadgall, and Miss Horrebow, have greatly benefitted by her instruction in singing and music; the former is capable of teaching, and took most of the first trouble from Mrs. Crouch; the latter is a child of great promise.

The death of Mr. Phillips, and soon after of the lady frequently mentioned as a particular friend of Mrs. Crouch, were troubles sincerely felt by a mind like hers; the particulars of her father's death have already been given in the sketch of his life—she grieved as an affectionate daughter

ter for him, and almost with the affection of a daughter for her kind friend, to whom she paid every attention which could render declining health, and the termination of life easy and comfortable.

The removal from Lisle-street to the Saloon, Pall-Mall, was an agreeable change to Mrs. Crouch, as she admired the cheerfulness of the situation, and said, it made a very pleasant contrast to the retirement of her cottage; yet there she might live recluse, or in the busy world, as the King's-road is a very public way for carriages; Colvil's Nursery, to which the cottage is directly opposite, is a great resort for persons of fashion, and seems admirably calculated for a promenade for the neighbouring inhabitants. Never did any person love *home* better than Mrs. Crouch, even when she was not occupied by her profession; she read, amused herself at Chelsea with weeding the garden, and

 keeping

keeping it in order, and frequently exerted her skill in musical compositions. One very excellent specimen of her ability in that line is printed and sold at the Saloon with her name; the words by S. Rogers, Esq. author of the Pleasures of Memory, pleased her, and she succeeded in giving them a very appropriate melody. The words are these:

"Go, you may call it madness, folly,
You shall not chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay.
Oh! did you know what pensive pleasure
Rends my bosom when I sigh,
You would not rob me of a treasure,
Monarchs are too poor to buy."

The pathetic expression which she gave to these words when she sung them, can never be forgotten by those who heard her. We believe Mr. Kelly means to arrange some manuscript music which she has

has left, and give it to the public. She also amused herself with sketching subjects for musical dramas; therefore she fully employed her time. Her box at the opera, with the communication to it through her own house, she always mentioned as extremely convenient and agreeable to her; and she particularly enjoyed select parties both in Pall-Mall and at Chelsea; for the Gothic hall of the cottage would contain a dinner party of fifteen, if not twenty persons, commodiously. She seldom frequented the theatres; a new performer, or a new piece, in which she was interested, by being acquainted with the performer or the author, were her chief inducements, to visit either house as a spectator.

When in the country, her heart expanded to the various beauties of nature, from the simplest wild flower that enamels the lawn, to the peerless rose. She taught

the woodbine and jessamine to wind around the boles of her trees, and throw themselves among the branches; they also richly adorn the gothic porch of the hall, and near it stands a tall wide-spreading hawthorn, which every spring is covered with the richest bloom; she said, "That hawthorn is my favourite tree, it not only charms my sight with a light snow of beautiful blossoms, whose fragrance I continually inhale, but it attracts a nightingale, who perches on the boughs to chant her evening song; with what pleasure I listen to her, and repeat Milton's charming address, "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly!""

These were her words *last spring*;—little did we imagine that she would never see her favourite hawthorn bloom again! nor hear her nightingale sing! We cannot make the bird chant her melancholy song, nor the hawthorn blossom over the *grave*

of

of Mrs. Crouch *this spring*; yet we will consecrate them to her memory, they shall form a motto to these volumes.

As Mrs. Crouch was a great admirer of celestial, as well as terrestrial beauties, she was very partial to Addison's fine hymn, "The spacious firmament on high;" and frequently quoted it. The last summer of her life, on observing the sun setting gloriously, she recited the whole of it to a friend, and then sung one verse delightfully. She taught her little companions, for she was seldom without one of her sister's children at her side, to admire the beauty of the creation, and to adore the Creator; to be dutiful and affectionate to their relations, grateful to the domestics, kind to their fellow-creatures in general, and compassionate to every thing which had life: may her nephews and nieces never forget the lessons which they received from their aunt. When her first

charge, Peter Horrebow, entered as a midshipman in his Majesty's navy, his little brother Henry occupied his place in her house, and a great share of her time, as she was anxious to render his mind as amiable as his exterior is beautiful.

In her domestic establishment, every thing was apparently conducted without orders, in calmness and regularity. She frequently spoke in *praise* of her servants, but never complained of their faults to her most intimate friends; she made very few changes in her little household, her servants lived with her many years, and always seemed contented, a proof that she was blessed with good servants, and a good disposition; indeed the equanimity of her temper was remarkable; pettishness or caprice never disgraced it; yet she was not perfect;—she was a *woman*—not an *angel*.

From a child, her constitution was extremely delicate, and she scarcely eat enough

enough to sustain life, yet she looked well, and enjoyed that even flow of spirits which is the surest indication of good health. From that fatal overturn in her coach, which injured her vocal powers, we cannot help imputing an internal derangement, which occasioned those frequent and violent spasms in her stomach, and that undermining treacherous disorder which terminated her existence.

In every visible decline of her health, the sea air had restored her, and she said, that her appetite was never so good as when she lived upon the sea shore.

In the summer of 1804 she was very ill, and Brighton restored her, apparently to perfect health. Last August she was determined not to go farther from town than her cottage, although she was far from well at that time; but as in the bloom of her beauty, and the height of her fame, she bore admiration and praise without being giddy or elated; so she bore trouble

and

and illness with uncomplaining patience and resignation.

Her sentiments, in regard to Mr. Crouch, previous to her death, can only be expressed by her own words, "I sincerely forgive the whole conduct of Mr. Crouch to myself; he is older now, and I hope is sufficiently sensible of his errors to abjure them, and render the present object of his choice, who I hear is a deserving woman, far happier than he did me; and they may rest assured that I will never take the least step to interrupt their felicity."

The last illness with which Mrs. Crouch was afflicted, increased so rapidly, that we believe her physician had some apprehensions that even the salubrious air of Brighton would not restore her; however, her friends and she herself indulged flattering hopes that the sea breezes would be again beneficial, and she set out at the beginning of September; but on her

arrival,

arrival, found herself much worse from, as it was supposed, the fatigue of the journey. Mr. Kelly was so much alarmed that, knowing the affection which the sisters had for each other, he sent express for Mrs. Horrebow, who set out immediately, and while she travelled with the utmost expedition, trembled lest she should arrive too late. Thank God that was not the case!—She had even the flattering satisfaction of finding her beloved sister something better;—but the pleasing delusion lasted only for a short time, she soon relapsed, and her afflicted friends, as they watched anxiously over her, observed with unutterable anguish her

> ———" Noble and most sovereign reason,
> Like sweet bells, jangled, out of tune and
> harsh;"

and beheld her "unmatched form blasted" by disease.

In her intervals of reason, which were

long

long and frequent, she was perfectly sensible of her approaching dissolution; she caressed her little nephew Henry Horrebow, whom she had taken with her to Brighton, and gave him good advice. She sent to town for a will, which had been written about three years before; and when it arrived, declared, before respectable witnesses, that it was her *last will*, and that she wished it to be strictly adhered to. This will we hear was drawn up, according to her directions, by Mr. William Fisher, an attorney, who was clerk to her father when she was a child; and she appointed Messrs. Jewell and Shaw her executors.

She said, that it had been her intention to be buried in the ground where her father lay, but that as it pleased God, she should die at Brighton, she requested to be buried there, and repeated the words, "Where the tree falls, there let it lie." She particularly desired to be wrapped in

woollen

woollen according to the established law of the country, as her beloved relatives had been, that her coffin might be all black, and that neither that nor her shroud might be flounced or trimmed, and that her funeral might be plain and private, like her father's. Thus did she evince her natural serenity of mind, and the excellence of her understanding, even when her soul was fluttering in the last painful struggle of mortality. She lingered, for three weeks between reason and delirium, calmness and agony, life and death, until the second of October, 1805, when she expired in the forty-second year of her age.

Mrs. Crouch was not opened by the gentlemen of the faculty who attended her, Dr. Pearson, in town for years, and Sir Charles Blick; and Doctors Ternier and Bankhead, during her last illness at Brighton, who pronounced her death to have been occasioned by an internal mortification.

As she had lived greatly admired, and sincerely beloved, so she died as *sincerely* lamented by her relations and friends.—Those the nearest and most tenderly attached to her were inconsolable at the time; and even *now* can scarcely ever mention her without tears.

In her last illness she was assiduously and tenderly nursed by her affectionate sister, and her father's faithful and attentive Mary, before mentioned; they never left her bed-side night nor day—Mr. Kelly never left the house while she existed; every thing was done which could sooth the pangs of death. She died with grateful love for her affectionate and attentive friends—in perfect harmony with all the world; in the firm belief of an eternal Creator, and in an humble reliance of his mercy.

The orders which Mrs. Crouch had given in regard to her funeral were strictly adhered to by her afflicted sister, who attended

attended her to the grave as chief mourner; she was interred in Brighton church-yard, and the ceremony was performed by Dr. Carr, who happened to be nephew to the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony between her and Mr. Crouch.

Messrs. Coade and Sealy have just finished a very neat and appropriate monument to her memory, on which is inscribed the following lines:—

The Remains of
ANNA MARIA CROUCH,
During many years a Performer at
Drury-lane Theatre.

She combined with the purest taste as a singer, the most elegant simplicity as an actress; beautiful almost beyond parallel in her person she was distinguished by the powers of her mind;

They enabled her,
When she quitted the stage,
To gladden life by the charms of her conversation, and refine it by her manners.

She was born April 20th, 1763, and died
2d October, 1805.
This stone
Is inscribed to her beloved memory by *him*
whom she esteemed the most
faithful of her friends

EPITAPH ON MRS. CROUCH.

BY A FRIEND.

Though here her mortal beauty must decay,
To the bright regions of eternal day,
On Mercy's downy wings her soul rose,
For much she joy'd to sooth another's woes;
"To rock the cradle of declining age,"
The widow's and the orphan's pangs asswage.
To give sincere affection every thought,
And practise all the lessons mercy taught.
If when within mortality's confine,
Some human errors stain the soul divine,
Touch'd by beneficence, with tender care,
In *Heaven's just* eyes they fade, they disappear.—
Her soul, refin'd, among th' angelic choir,
Joins the pure strains celestial joys inspire.

THE END.

G. Woodfall, Printer,
Paternoster-row.